The Forum

MAY 1922

AMERICA'S YOUNG RADICALS

By GEORGE SANTAYANA

WHEN I was a college professor, I sometimes wondered why there was no socialism among the sophomores. Now that I am not there to welcome it, the thing seems to have come.

I say *to welcome it,* because although I am a high Tory in my sympathies, I recognize that different hearts must be set on different things, and I like young people who have hearts, and who set them on something. It is a great pity if, for lack of self-knowledge or a congenial environment, they set them on the wrong thing, and miss their possible happiness, or miss even the noble martyrdom of knowing why they are unhappy. But they will not have set their hearts on the wrong thing simply because that thing may be indifferent or disagreeable to *me.* My personal feelings have nothing to do with the genuineness of their ideals, or with the worth of their happiness, if they are able to attain it. At most, my experience may make me suspect that these ideals may be unattainable, or that in choosing them these young men, in some cases, may have misunderstood their own nature, and may be pursuing something which, if they

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got it, would make them very sick. When that is so, a word of warning from an outsider may not be entirely useless.

The reason why it is easy to mistake the demands of one's own nature is that human instincts are very complex and confused, and that they mature at different times, or are suppressed or disguised altogether; whereas the fancy is peopled only by the shallow images of such things as we happen to have come upon in our experience. We cannot love, nor warmly imagine, what we have never seen; even when we hate things as we find them (as every fresh soul must in a great measure) our capacity to conceive better things is limited to such hints as actual things have vouchsafed us. We may therefore have no idea at all of what would really satisfy us; even if it were described to us in words, we should not recognize it as our ideal of happiness. It would seem cold, exotic, irrelevant, because nothing of that sort had as yet entered our experience, or lay in the path immediately open before us.

I was accordingly not at all surprised that the life of the ancients, although alone truly human and addressed to a possible happiness, should not appeal to young America. It is too remote, too simple; it presupposes the absence of this vast modern mechanical momentum, this rushing tide of instrumentalities on which young America is borne along so merrily. What surprised me a little was that everybody seemed content to go on swimming and swimming: for even when a man grumbled and worried about his difficulties or mishaps—athletic training, college clubs, family friction, dubious prospects, unrequited love—he yet seemed to be entirely at peace with the general plan of existence as he found it; not at all oppressed by the sense of any surrounding ugliness, vulgarity, vanity, servitude, or emptiness. Was there in these youths, I used to ask myself, so engaging often in their personal ardor, no human soul at all, but rather the soul of some working ant or unquestioning bee, eager to run on its predetermined errands, store its

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traditional honey, and build its geometrical cell, for the queen of the hive, the future Mrs. Ant or Mrs. Bee, to lay her eggs in? I am far from regarding romantic man as necessarily the best of animals, or a success at all, so far; and I am quite willing he should be superseded, if nature, in America or elsewhere, can evolve a superior species to take his place; but this sudden extinction of human passion seemed a little strange, and I doubted whether perfect happiness in mechanism was as yet possible even for the healthiest, busiest, most athletic, most domestic, and most conventional American. Might not the great American panacea for human wretchedness, Work, be not so much a cure as an anaesthetic?

And now, apparently, the awakening has come, at least to a few, and the sophomores (who are many of them out of college) have discovered the necessity of socialism. I call it socialism for short, although they are not all advocates of socialism in a technical sense, but style themselves liberals, radicals, or (modestly) the *Intelligentsia.* The point is that they all proclaim their disgust at the present state of things in America, they denounce the Constitution of the United States, the churches, the government, the colleges, the press, the theatres, and above all they denounce the spirit that vivifies and unifies all these things, the spirit of Business. Here is disaffection breaking out in which seemed the most unanimous, the most satisfied of nations: here are Americans impatient with America.

Is it simply impatience? Is it the measles, and by the time these sophomores are reverend seniors will it have passed away? Or is it a tragic atavism in individuals, such as must appear sporadically in all ages and nations, an inopportune sport of nature, hatching a bird of paradise in the arctic regions? Even in this case, pathetic as it is, nothing can be done except to wait for the unhappy creatures to come to a fluttering end, for lack of sunshine and appropriate worms. Untoward genius must die in a corner. I am ready to believe that these young radicals are geniuses

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and birds of paradise, as they evidently feel themselves to be; if so, their plaints ought to make a beautiful elegy; but it would still be a dying song. Or is it possible, on the contrary, that they are prophets of something attainable, boy-scouts with a real army behind them, and a definite future?

I have made a severe effort to discover, as well as I may from a distance, what these rebels want. I see what they are *against*—they are against everything—but what are they *for?* I have not been able to discover it. This may be due to my lack of understanding or to their incapacity to express themselves clearly, for their style is something appalling. But perhaps their scandalous failure in expression, when expression is what they yearn for and demand at all costs, may be a symptom of something deeper: of a radical mistake they have made in the direction of their efforts and aspirations. They think they need more freedom, more room, a chance to be more spontaneous: I suspect that they have had too much freedom, too much empty space, too much practice in being spontaneous when there was nothing in them to bubble out. Their style is a sign of this: it is not merely that they have no mastery of the English language as hitherto spoken, no clear sense of the value of words, and no simplicity; that they are without the vocabulary or the idiom of cultivated people.

That might all be healthy evolution, even if a little disconcerting to us old fogies, who can't keep up with the progress of slang. America has a right to a language of its own, and to the largest share in forming that pigeon-English which is to be the "world-language" of the future. But it is not comparatively only that the style of the young radicals is bad, nor in view of traditional standards: it is bad intrinsically; it is muddy, abstract, cumbrous, contorted, joyless, obscure. If their thoughts were clear, if the images in their minds were definite and fondly cherished, if their principles and allegiances were firm, we should soon learn to read their language and feel it to be pure and

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limpid, however novel its forms. Dante wrote in a new dialect, provincial and popular; yet how all his words shine like dew on a sunny morning! But Dante had looked long and intently; he had loved silently; he knew what he felt and what he believed. No: it is not more freedom that young America needs in order to be happy: it needs more discipline.

TO THE LITTLE MASTERS

By MARGUERITE WILKINSON

You little masters of the world,
Whose words are subtle stings,
Build up your walls before our feet,
Your ceilings for our wings,

Saying, "You may not climb too far
Nor lift your flight too high
Above our drab and decent ways
Where all the world goes by."

But we have seen the morning shine
And heard the mountains call,
Though sevenfold strong the prison be
The sevenfold strength shall fall.

A million saints with flashing feet
Have climbed beyond your sight;
A million singers lifted song
On wings of silver light.

As it has been, so it shall be
While scorn may claim her own;
By all the laughter of the years
You shall be overthrown.

Our feet shall pass beyond your door;
The clashing of our wings
Shall blind you, masters of the world—
Your words are little things.

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A LETTER FROM GANDHI

By HARI GOVIND GOVIL

"Bardoli, February nineteenth, 1922.
Hari G. Govil, Esq.
Dear Mr. Govil:

I have your letter. I am glad you recognize the truth of non-violence. We should deal patiently with those who do not understand it. It is a new experiment and we shall have to be extremely patient if we would make headway. Impatience also is a form of violence. . . .

I have no message for the world till the message I am humbly trying to deliver to India is truly delivered and imbibed. If it is successfully delivered in India, I know that my physical presence will nowhere be necessary to emphasize it, but that it will permeate the whole world without the shadow of a doubt. But every worker abroad who endeavors to study the movement and interpret it correctly helps it.

We can gain absolutely nothing by exaggeration or distortion of facts. Just as non-violence requires exemplary patience, it requires also exemplary truthfulness and a fine appreciation of one's own limitations. *Yours sincerely,*

(Signed) *M. K. GANDHI."*

MR. E. S. Montagu, late Secretary for India, has declared "that India will not challenge with success *the most determined people in the world."* He is answered by the greatest paper in India, the *Bombay Chronicle,* and is reminded that Ireland has

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recently, with fair success, challenged this "determined people" and that, at one time, the Americans had trounced them! Reference is made to Gandhi's decision to rescind the order calling for mass civil disobedience in Bardoli, after the outbreak of violence at Chauri-Chaura—for which Gandhi did penance in the form of a five-days' fast—declaring that God had spoken to him in this tragedy, showing him that India was not sufficiently well disciplined for such civil disobedience, which needs a perfect non-violent atmosphere.

To the Extremists, this action was a "betrayal" of the Non-Co-operators, and Gandhi was guilty, in their eyes, of "treachery to the Nationalist cause." Replying to Mr. Montagu's statement: "Given good will, no rights would be denied India by the British Parliament," the *Chronicle* puts the question: "What greater exhibition of good will could Mr. Montagu desire than the Bardoli decision?" It reminds the British that only a great soul could have postponed the extreme action that national honor might have demanded carried forward, regardless of consequences. A smaller soul would have reasoned that the end justified the means—that bloodshed was inevitable, and the method after all that all nations had taken from time immemorial to gain their freedom. Says the writer of this editorial, who, by the way, is a Muslim:

> But Mahatma Gandhi is as a prophet of old in his wisdom. He knows that what all the religions of the world teach is right, only the teaching has never been completely applied. He desires that India shall teach the world the greatest lesson of all time—that consistent Right must prevail far more surely than Right that calls on Wrong for aid. Not that a resort to arms is wrong when a people have no other. Not that honest anger under oppression is a sin. *But both are imperfections.* There is a great part of the Truth in both, but not the whole truth. The world deems George Washington and De Valera great and good men and splendid patriots. Many in the world deem Lenin and Trotzky the same. On these the imperfect way to freedom was forced—the way of honest anger and bloodshed. But on Mahatma Gandhi and India lies no such compulsion. We cannot but believe that the great God has so adjusted these modern circumstances called "economic conditions" as to allow India, alone of

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all the nations of the earth, to prove to a distracted world that God is its Ruler and that God's law must prevail.

Poor Turkey and Mustapha Kemal were far less fortunately situated than we. It was God's will that for them lay no recourse but to the sword. It was God's will so to dispose modern economic circumstances and the acts of predatory and lying nations, that non-violent non-co-operation was not possible in Turkey of today. But in India it is a far different case. And so we challenge the most determined nation in the world to a conflict such as they never waged against Ireland or America—a conflict in which our weapons are far more terribly potent than the mere firearms and man-made tools which defeated them in Ireland and America. Can we wonder that their representatives hesitate to join battle against what has been most clearly demonstrated to them as God's Truth?

Verily this is a Jehad (Holy War) such as was never waged before—a Jehad in which true believers, banishing hate from their hearts as they banish swords from their hands, go forth to battle crying "Allah-o-Akbar!" We cry thus, and as true believers we must prove this truth to a scoffing Western world. . . . In this Jehad the armies will be defeated by no weapons save the Truth which is Love. True believers who maintain in the teeth of all the West's armies, that God is Greatest, will meet them unarmed without generals and with no weapons. They may do as God wills them to act in their woe. But we are in the field to prove that God is Greatest. And whatever they may do with their material weapons and might, the most determined people in the world cannot kill the simple unarmed Truth. It remains for us to discipline ourselves for the Jehad—training the soul and the heart. We must steel these to all fear, to all weak emotions of anger or of indignation. And we must learn to love our opponents as our brothers. Then when they have vainly expended their force and we are victors, they will admit for the first time in the world's history that God is Greatest; and this great Truth will be accepted by all the nations till the world becomes the Kingdom of God with His law the only law. And this must be our reply to Mr. Montagu's warning against challenging the "most determined people in the world." Hindu and Christian, Zoroastrian and Muslim, India's Nationalists maintain that God is Greatest.

So writes a follower of the Prophet Mohammed. Thus speaks a great people to the world today. As India understands it, the issue is simple, the issue between right armed at all points with righteousness, and might armed with weapons a great deal less potent. A nation of more than three hundred million souls is declaring its will to be free. Opposed to it are alien statesmen and capitalists who desire to postpone the day of freedom lest their prestige and their

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pockets suffer. A united nation has pledged itself to win freedom by methods of sheer righteousness such as God is supposed to love best. Mahatma Gandhi saw but one possible and only danger of defeat, and that was that the opposition might by extreme repressive acts provoke anger and consequent violence. The different leaders as they went to their prison cells warned their followers in the non-co-operation ranks not to forget that the repressive acts of the government were proof that *Swaraj was won,* but that it was absolutely necessary for them to hold to all that had been gained, by the continuance of the methods that had got them so far in their struggle; that is to say, the policy of complete peacefulness. The heaviest blow has fallen in the arrest of India's "Great Soul," Gandhi, his conviction, and his sentence to six years in jail. It was in anticipation of this very happening that Gandhi, no doubt, brought himself to visit upon his disciples the extreme punishment of his five-days' fast when some of them broke their vows of non-violence and killed twenty-one policemen. As the outbreaks of violence in Bombay brought about, at the time of the Prince's visit later on, a perfect *hartal* in Calcutta, so the violence at Chauri-Chaura may serve to keep the non-co-operators strictly to the line of peace on this occasion of the greatest possible provocation to disorder that could be directed against them—the imprisonment of their leader.

Before his arrest, Gandhi said:

> There is so much superstition regarding my supposed powers, human and superhuman, that sometimes I feel that my imprisonment, deportation and execution would be quite justifiable. This belief in the possession of superhuman powers by me is really a bar to national progress, and government will deserve the thanks of reasonable humanity if they remove me from the people's midst and do not afterwards become mad themselves, but deal with people with justice and without terrorism.

Such words—standing above all party dissensions and feuds—point with unerring finger to the supreme height to which humanity can rise. It may well be asked if there is another living man who could have said these words—could

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have said them with such beautiful simplicity and directness and with such transparent sincerity. What can be said of a government that has no place for such a man but jail?

THE GHOST

By VICTOR STARBUCK

I have been dead so long;
I wish that I could find
The little house among the trees
Where everything was kind;
The dawn against the window panes,
The pictures on the wall—
And human hands and human words
Were kindlier than all.

I must have lost the way
(I have been dead so long)—
The paths are choked with bramble
And all the roads are wrong.
It stood upon the hillside,
The chimneys touched the sky,
And twilight lingered longest there
To kiss the day goodbye.

Within its doors is peace—
But I have lost the way,
And long and bitter are the miles
That run to Yesterday.
I wonder is it still the same,
The candle light, the song,
The laughter?—I shall never know;
I have been dead so long.

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THE DECLINE OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY

By ELIZABETH BANKS

Bless the Squire and his relations,
And keep us in our proper stations.

IT was between the years 1840 and 1850 that Lord John Manners, afterwards Duke of Rutland, wrote this prayer which little English peasant children used to say at bedtime and sing in the mission schools. In his early youth Lord John also wrote a suitable supplication for his own class as well:

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old Nobility!

He was a kindly, benevolent, polished English country gentleman, wishful only to keep all things and all persons in that harmony which he and most of the aristocracy of his day believed was foreordained by the Almighty. Some years later his wife, Lady John Manners, traveling in various European countries, studied the working people of the Continent in the only way she knew, poor lady! as an outsider and an onlooker—and failed, as all such students must fail, in the sympathy that real understanding begets. On her return to England she wrote of the gay costumes of the peasants she saw on the Continent, and expressed her regret that the "English peasant class" wore no such distinctive garments. They failed to brighten up the countryside and make quaint and pretty pictures in lane and meadow, to divert the worried minds of the squire and his relations and visitors as they walked or drove or rode about the great estates, like unto that of this same Duke of Rutland, who died at a great old age, possessed of sixty-two thousand acres of land, besides great mineral wealth, and a wonderful picture gallery in his castle of Belvoir.

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Despite the absence of gaily-dressed peasantry in those mid-Victorian days, there was little need for the aristocracy to mourn a lack of outward distinction of class. Tenants were not only respectful, but subservient to the lords of the manors; the ploughman and the yokel walked abjectly and touched their forelocks when they met their "betters"; dairymaids and housemaids curtsied and did as they were bid, and the clergy had little difficulty in teaching the catechism to the children of the working people in town and country. No child then was likely to ask the present-day inconvenient question: "Who *are* my 'betters'?" when admonished by the catechism to "order myself lowly and reverently before my betters"; or, if the question was ever asked, it was immediately settled by the reply: "Why, that means the gentry, the Squire, the Duchess, your employers and, of course, the Queen and the members of the royal family!" And then no child would question further.

But occasionally an older person was known to find in such answer a cause for dissent and argument and further questions, and perhaps it was the knowledge that such questions, spoken and unspoken, were becoming more frequent than of yore that led Lord John Manners, with just a little faltering of the heart, to pray for the continuance of the old nobility.

In studying the history of Britain's progress toward democracy, I have been struck with the fact that always that progress has been made as an answer to some persistent and often embarrassing question. Who that has visited the House of Commons has failed to lean forward and to listen intently during the hour known as "Question Time," when the British Premier and his ministers are required by members of the House to answer questions, telling the whys and wherefores of political things that be or are proposed to be? Many a government has fallen, many a political revolution been brought about by the mere asking of a question at the psychological moment.

As in Parliament, so it has been outside of Parliament.

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Since the first step toward democracy was taken when the Barons asked some leading questions of King John, whose unsatisfactory answers caused them to wrest from him the Great Charter, there have always been people in Britain with a perfect passion for "wanting to know why." One of the most persistent of the old-time questioners was John Ball, the priest of Kent, who, in 1377, with a small body of followers, went up and down the highways and byways of England singing:

> When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the *gentleman?*

Now, again and again during the centuries that have followed, that pertinent question has been asked in Britain, and as the generations have gone by, it has been asked with increasing force by increasing numbers, until, at the present time, a great multitude of men, women and children are asking it, some in one form, some in another, and demanding an answer.

"Who are my 'betters'?" asks the little girl who is preparing for her confirmation in the church. Now, if that little girl is the daughter of an agricultural laborer on some great landlord's estate, the curate or the vicar may hedge and try to point out that the Bible teaches submission to "those in authority over us," which would seem to include the Squire, the Duke and the Duchess, their sons and daughters and so forth. But in London and in other large cities it is becoming what might be called "the fashion" to tell her that her "betters" are the "more good!"

Always when the British people have been in questioning mood there have been certain ones in authority who have refused to answer their queries, or have answered only evasively. This was particularly the case in the latter days of the eighteenth century, those years following the French Revolution, when the English proletariat, pondering upon what the French had done in their progress toward freedom, were heard here and there to utter sounds of revolt, especially during the famines in the manufacturing and

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agricultural districts. Those were the days when Hannah More, Wilberforce, Paley and other religious workers amongst the poor, answered their questions by preaching resignation to their lot. During the famine of 1792, in what she meant to be a sympathetic talk with her starving brothers and sisters, Hannah More said:

> Let me remind you that probably this scarcity has been permitted by an all-wise Providence to show the poor how immediately they are dependent upon the rich, and to show both rich and poor how they are all dependent upon Himself. It has also enabled you to see more clearly the advantages you derive from the government and constitution of this country—to observe the benefits flowing from the distinction of rank and fortune, which enabled the high so liberally to assist the low; for I leave you to judge what would have been the state of the poor of this country in this long, distressing scarcity, had it not been for your superiors.

Then the gentle Hannah reminded them how thankful they should be that she had so thoroughly instructed them in the Bible, inasmuch as large numbers of them were able to repeat by heart the whole of the first twenty chapters of Genesis!

Wilberforce, too, though he worked for and finally achieved the abolition of slavery among the blacks, told the starving white English men and women and children that their "more lowly path had been allotted to them by the hand of God, the present state of things is very short, and the peace of mind which religion offers indiscriminately to all ranks, affords more true satisfaction than all the expensive pleasures that are beyond the poor man's reach." Paley, whose "Evidences of Christianity" became a much-studied text book in the higher schools, went even further and told the poor that "frugality itself is a pleasure, because it is an exercise of attention and continence, which, when it is successful, produces satisfaction. All the provisions which a poor man's child requires are industry and innocence."

It speaks much for the patience of the poor of those days that Hannah More, Wilberforce, and Paley all lived to a good old age and died quietly in their beds!

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Yet there can be no doubt that this sort of specious reasoning served to hasten the progress toward democracy, for still the people questioned, sometimes among themselves, sometimes of the governing classes, and always in their hearts. The Reform Act of 1832 gave the suffrage to the middle classes, and the people immediately below them asked why all householders and lodgers should not have the vote, which they did not obtain till 1867. Then agricultural laborers asked questions and agitated, until finally "universal suffrage"—so called—went into effect in the middle eighties.

During all this time only a little questioning had been done by the women of England, and part of that was silent questioning, except for those few noble pioneers of the woman suffrage movement who became known as "the Shrieking Sisterhood." But lo! suddenly in the early years of the twentieth century a few women stood up in political meetings and in the time-honored custom among men, said they wished to ask a question. Of government ministers and parliamentary candidates they asked: "What about votes for women?"

In the midst of the women's questioning, Britain took the most forward step toward democracy since the signing of Magna Charta. Indeed, it might be called a stride or, better still, a jump. This was the passing of the House of Lords as a law-making body and the ringing of the death knell of hereditary legislative powers. It was in 1911 when Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Liberal government. He was then a Radical of the Radicals and, as the saying then went, "death on dukes." His first budget was an attack on dukes and all other great landlords, for he proposed a new kind of taxation on land and land values. Though passed by the Commons, the Lords vetoed the budget, a thing they had never done before to a "money bill." It was really a very personal thing to the Lords, since they owned most of the land! Then the Liberal government ground its teeth and "went to the country," and the

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Lords passed the budget forthwith; whereupon they were given another bill to pass, one that would deprive them of all power to veto a money bill in the future or indefinitely to hold up any other bill. Most naturally the Lords refused to pass what they called this "revolutionary measure." Then there was still another election, after which Mr. Asquith, then Premier, threatened to create four or five hundred Liberal peers to make a sufficient majority to pass the bill. These new peers, Samson-like, were to pull down the House of Lords and extinguish themselves with it. In order to keep out what they called "Asquith's four hundred black-leg, bastard peers," the Lords finally passed this Parliament Act.

So the House of Lords was forced to emasculate itself and it became a political eunuch. There were a few "die-hards" among them who voted against the bill to the very end. Among these was that most reactionary of Tories, Lord Willoughby de Broke, who, as the bill passed, shouted that it would be the first duty and the first act of the Conservative party, when it should come into power, to give back to the Lords the power that was taken from them. This same peer is now one of the leaders of those who are looking back longingly to the old flesh pots of Egypt. To that amazing book "Some False Assumptions of Democracy," just out, by Captain Anthony Ludovici, Lord Willoughby de Broke has written a most commendatory preface. Captain Ludovici (who, by the way, is an Englishman, though of foreign name) is also the author of another book called "A Defence of Aristocracy." To understand what the present reactionaries of Britain are standing for, one needs to read and digest some quotations from these books:

> On the question of Aristocracy, the point of view of the man in the street simply does not matter. * * *
> There are two kinds of men, the Vulgar and the Few.

Captain Ludovici is out and out for a government by a benevolent aristocracy. He refers to aristocracy as a "Divine institution," and to the proletariat as people of

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"subject mind." His idea of Liberalism is similar to the opinion expressed by Disraeli in 1872, when he declared:

> The tone and tendency of Liberalism cannot be concealed. It is to attack the institutions of the country under the name of reform, and to make war on the manners and customs of the people of the country under the pretext of progress.

The war, and with it the need of forming the Coalition of the Liberal and Conservative parties, merely delayed the great twentieth century fight between the peers and the people, between aristocracy and democracy, for that was really the proper name for the contest between the Lords and the Commons in 1911, or perhaps we might call it the skirmishing preparatory to the great battle. The greater danger which confronted England brought aristocrats and all the commoners together for nearly five years, when they knew they were fighting for their very skins, and they learned to know and appreciate one another better. To their credit be it said that now there are members of some of the greatest and oldest families of England who realize the absurdities of caste and class distinction, and are prepared to number themselves among the people in the fight against the peers, a fight which cannot be long delayed. Any student of English history cannot fail to have noticed that always such men have appeared at times of crises. In the year 1780 the then Duke of Richmond had the courage to introduce a bill for the granting of universal suffrage, and Lord John Russell, afterwards the Earl of that name, was one of the most active workers for the Reform Bill.

In certain respects the state of England today is somewhat similar to that following the French Revolution. That is to say, the great war through which we have passed has set all classes to thinking of political and social equality, and revealed to the upholders of class privilege the real insecurity of their position. This has put a great fear into the hearts of aristocrats and given them a newly awakened instinct of self-preservation. Most particularly is this the case with the great land owners, all of whom belong to the

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nobility. Nine-tenths of the land of the country belongs to one-tenth of the population, and it needs but the change of an apostrophe in the quaint old motto engraved over the entrance to the London Royal Exchange to make it describe most fitly the present situation:

> The earth is the Lords', and the fulness thereof.

Once again the people are asking questions, and there is now no attempt to answer them by preaching resignation or telling them that though they are houseless and landless in this life, they shall dwell in mansions surrounded by Elysian fields in the life to come. Indeed, some of the clergy of the Established Church are now among the leaders of the people. For example, the old church of the parish in which I reside, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, of which one of England's wealthiest dukes has "the gift of the living," has for its vicar, Reverend the Honorable James Adderley, son of a peer and brother of the present Lord Norton. During his conduct of children's service one day recently, he was leading the boys and girls in the singing of that hymn beloved of English children, "All Things Bright and Beautiful," when, coming to the third verse, he said: "Children, don't sing the next verse, because it is a lie!" This is the verse which Canon Adderley has told me he never allows sung in his church:

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate—
> God made them high or lowly,
> And ordered their estate.

One cannot write about the British aristocracy without referring to the English Established Church, for most of its clergy, its bishops and leading laymen belong to what are known as the "upper classes." The Church has always been conservative, indeed reactionary, and cannot be said to have been the friend of the poor. In 1844 the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury declared sorrowfully:

> The bishops are timid, time-serving, and great worshippers of wealth and power. I can scarcely recall an instance in which a clergyman has been found to maintain the cause of the laborers against the pew holders.

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This description, however, does not fit the *whole* church as we find it today. There are bishops who refuse to live in their palaces and are leading self-denying lives. In answer to a question I have put to several bishops recently, I have been assured that their palace wine cellars have been empty and closed up for years, and more than a dozen bishops have come out strongly for total abstinence. Some of the clergy are agitating for disestablishment, and others are protesting against the law which prohibits their sitting in the House of Commons. There are, too, women belonging to the Church of England who are fighting against its conservatism and what they describe as its lack of vision. They are demanding a reform of those parts of the Prayer Book which discriminate against their sex, and they are demanding what they call "a clean and decent marriage service, which shall not be an insult to every good man and good woman." They ask for the ordination of women, so that a woman of the nobility and brilliance of Miss Maude Royden, daughter of the late Sir Thomas Royden, Baronet, shall be allowed to conduct services in the Established Church, of which she is a member. At present Miss Royden is preaching to crowded congregations in Eccleston Guildhall. Most interesting to relate, although she is not ordained or given charge of any one church, she does sometimes preach in certain of the Established churches by special invitation of the vicars. This, in spite of the fact that the bishops have requested their clergy not to invite her to do this, and implored Miss Royden not to accept such invitations!

For here is one of the anomalies of the Church of England, bound to and up with the state as it is; dependent upon the House of Commons even to allow it to make a change in its prayer book; powerful as it is or was in the House of Lords, with twenty-four bishops and two archbishops sitting there as Lords Spiritual, obstructing divorce and other much needed reforms in the law; it cannot control its own clergy when once they have obtained a "living," which

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gives them a life income and a life incumbency. So long as a clergyman does not commit a crime against the law of the land, or lead a life of intolerable scandal, he retains his place, preaching any doctrine which best suits him. His "living" may be the gift of a duke or a marquess, yet, if he belongs to the ever-increasing band of Christian Socialists, he may daily preach death and damnation to all dukes and marquesses, and the particular duke or marquess cannot close his church against him, nor empty it of congregation —though the duke or the marquess may, naturally, decline to worship at that particular church. So, in spite of the fact that the Established Church is in some respects a church in chains, and in others a church autocratic and aristocratic, its clergy have more personal freedom than the clergy of any other church in the world. If all the clergy could be induced to use this freedom for the good of all the people and the real glory of God, they might, indeed, be the means of setting up a veritable Kingdom of Heaven on English earth. But if we study the history of the English Church we find that it is really progressing—gradually, slowly, painfully, and sometimes unwillingly, toward democracy. A year before the war, when the women's suffrage agitation was at its height, I protested to one of my English friends, a devoted churchwoman, against the burning of some of the beautiful historic little country churches.

"We *must* burn them!" she said. "We have decided that the only way to lighten the darkness of our clergy is by the torch of a burning church."

I am not prepared to say that it was only the burning of the churches that converted the English clergy to the idea of freedom for women, but certainly after the militant campaign many English church divines confessed to seeing a great light. Charles Kingsley spoke of the duty of the Church to "justify God to the People," and this is a thing that some of England's great churchmen are now determined to do. Already the Bishop of Manchester is sending

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out a call for a conference in 1923 to discuss the subject of "Applied Christianity" to labor and politics.

So far we have noted the progress *toward* democracy, but to say that Britain has already attained to real democracy, either politically or socially, would be to show a lack of insight into present conditions. Many Americans, particularly wealthy ones who have lived in England, are fond of asserting that in Great Britain there is a larger amount of freedom than in the United States. They point to the facts that a government, or an administration, as we should call it, can be turned out over-night if it displeases the people; that British judges are appointed by the King for life and therefore have no temptation to do other than render always justice to rich and poor alike.

Now, it is true that a government can be turned out over-night, but not because it displeases the *people*. It is often turned out because of a "split" in the party which put it in. Also it is not true that politics have nothing to do with the appointment of judges. It is but a pleasant fiction that the King appoints the judges. The selection of judges is entirely in the hands of the Lord Chancellor, who "advises" the King to sign the appointment—*and the King always signs!* In this, as in other matters of state, the only real "prerogative of the sovereign" is his duty to do precisely what his ministers "advise" him to do. If he refused, then the government would resign, and no other body of politicians would be willing to form another government under a sovereign who did not follow the "advice" of his ministers! The Lord Chancellor is a member of the cabinet and a member of the party in power. He owes his position to his politics and he can, if he wishes, fill every vacant judgeship with a member of his own party. These judges retain their appointments, though the Lord Chancellor goes out with his own party government. One needs only to mention the name of Sir Edward Carson, now Lord Carson, the great Ulster leader and lawyer, as an example

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of what a barrister-politician can do after he is appointed to the bench.

The present Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, is among the leaders of the Conservatives. It was he who, as Mr. F. E. Smith in 1911, moved the rejection of the Parliament Bill in the House of Commons, and he is now one of the reactionaries who are insisting upon a "reform" of the House of Lords that is restoring to them the power which the Parliament Act took from them, and he declares that any new sort of House of Lords which may be the result of the "reformation" must, in part, at least, have an hereditary basis, a statement that gives Liberals and Laborites a hearty laugh. One cannot imagine a Chief Justice of the United States taking any such part in politics as the British Lord Chancellor always takes.

I have shown how, in the matter of the franchise, Britain has progressed *toward* democracy; but there is not equality of suffrage or universal suffrage, and, although it is no longer true, as it was up to 1918, that a wealthy man owning twenty different residences in different constituencies is entitled to twenty votes, there is still a property qualification which will enable a man to vote twice. For example, the owner of a great factory employing thousands of workingmen and women has a vote in the constituency where the factory is situated, and also another vote in another constituency where his palatial residence is situated. All his thousands of employees have only one vote each, which is in accordance with their residence. Being employees, instead of employers, in the factory, they cannot vote for the factory, but only for their residences. Holders of degrees from the great universities have also two votes, one for their university candidate and one for the candidate who represents the constituency where they reside.

Although in 1918 some women were given the vote, the election law does not give the vote to all women over thirty, as it was said to do. A domestic servant who sleeps in the house where she works has no vote, though she is over

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thirty; one woman sharing a residence with another woman cannot vote unless she owns the furniture in her part of the flat or house. There are various little differences between the election law as it applies to men and to women, besides the unjust and absurd one giving votes to boys of twenty-one while denying it to the most brilliant and capable women in the country if they happen to be under thirty.

It cannot be said that there is real representative government in Britain so long as it is so difficult for an independent candidate to stand for Parliament with no party machine and party chest behind him. Any man who wishes to stand for Parliament must first deposit one hundred and fifty pounds as an evidence of his good faith. This will be returned to him only if he polls a certain number of votes. His electoral contest will cost him, out of pocket, from eight hundred to a thousand pounds.

In the selection of a cabinet, many British people complain that there is absolute lack of democracy. For instance, the Premier can hand over the whole foreign policy of the country to a peer who was never chosen by the people to represent them in Parliament, whereas if he chooses a commoner as Foreign Secretary, the commoner must submit to a re-election to the House of Commons.

The custom of "going to the country" and consulting the electorate when a certain plan of action is proposed by the Premier and his ministers is good as far as it works out; but though "the country" may show by its votes that it approves of that one particular plan, there is nothing to prevent the government from carrying out many other more important plans concerning which it did not consult the electorate. In short, though the British plan of government is theoretically most representative and democratic, in practice it often fails to carry out the wishes of the electorate. Then let it be remembered that there is no limit to the amount of money a wealthy man may contribute to what are known as "party funds," which has produced the ever-present scandal known as the "sale of honors," the selling

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of some title or a peerage, by whatever government is in power, to men who have contributed immense sums to the party war chest. In the days when the House of Lords had the veto power, this manufacture of peers was a greater danger to democracy than it is at the present time; but even now there is a great hankering after titles, and the scandal goes on. With all the faults and scandals of American politics, it would be impossible to produce anything so shocking and so insulting to the mere name of democracy as this. A Canadian friend of mine was recently asking an English politician to explain how and why most modern peerages were created, and when the Englishman, all unsuspiciously, referred to the donations to party funds, my friend replied:

"Oh, I see! Over in Canada and the United States we send such men to jail, but you send them to the House of Lords!"

The proletariat are not the only ones who are now asking questions concerning Britain's government. There are nearly two dozen peeresses in their own right who have not been allowed to sit in the House of Lords on account of their sex. The Viscountess Rhondda, an able and brilliant Englishwoman, who in the old days was one of the most militant of the suffragettes who went to prison for the cause, has demanded to know why she was kept out of the House of Lords. Her seat there has just been surrendered to her and other peeresses are also "asking questions" on this subject.

There are young men of ambition and democratic tendencies who are forced into the House of Lords against their will, because they have inherited peerages. These are asking why they cannot give up their titles and stand for the House of Commons. Under present law they have not even the right to vote for a parliamentary candidate. The other day I heard a business man ask this question: "If this is a democracy, how is it that at functions where there is an order of precedence, the Premier of all Britain must rank

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below all persons of the blood royal and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as well?"

The Conservatives are trying to evade many of the embarrassing questions that are being put, but the Liberals and the Labor Party are looking sharp to find satisfying answers. Most particularly is the Labor Party giving its mind to answering as well as putting questions of its own. It is rapidly drawing to itself many of the "intellectuals." Already two bishops of the Established Church are working with it and among those who are affiliated with it are such men and women as Jerome K. Jerome, Miss Maude Royden, Maurice Hewlett, Rebecca West, Bernard Shaw, Evelyn Sharp, St. John Ervine, the Sidney Webbs.

As I write, along the Strand a procession of unemployed is passing. They are asking a question in chanting, singsong fashion:

> We're honest British workmen, and we've got no work to do—
> Why? Why? Why? Tell us why!

Little children along the pavement follow them, children with beautiful though dirty faces—of all the pretty children I have ever seen the children of the London "working class" stand first—and as their little feet keep time, their eyes shine with the delight of the music and the banners, and they, too, are humming:

> Why? Why? Why? Tell us why!

The other day I was talking with an intelligent artisan on the subject of the proposed education "cuts"; the keeping of children from the council schools till they are six; the enlarging of the classes; the saving of money by the re-introduction of inferior teachers in the free schools.

"Let them try it!" he said threateningly. "We laborers are determined that our children shall not be as we have been. We shan't be satisfied till our children have as good a chance as the children of the United States have. We are going to put men in Parliament who will demand this. It's the lords and the dukes who don't want our children educated. Watch us put them out of business!"

And I watch.

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LABOR—THE NEW TYRANT

By J. B. W. GARDINER

IN the March issue of THE FORUM there appeared an article under the rather startling title "Faithless to Our Forefathers." The author was Mr. Matthew Woll. Mr. Woll is charged by THE FORUM with having studied law and credited with being a prominent labor leader. I have no particular desire to use these pages as a platform from which I may engage in a constitutional debate. But there are certain grave misconceptions from which Mr. Woll proceeds to his argument; and as a serious responsibility attaches to Mr. Woll by virtue of the leadership which he holds, he will, of course, be glad to have pointed out just where he has gone astray. Again Mr. Woll very naturally speaks for labor. If his exposition is the viewpoint of labor, if this is the teaching that is being inculcated into labor by its leaders, then it is of paramount importance that Mr. Woll and all those who occupy a similar position cease their surface scratching and dig deep into the fundamental principles which underlie a constitutional government such as ours.

Mr. Woll's article has as its primary thesis the alleged fact that the constitutions of the United States and of the various states of the Union are being tortured and distorted both by legislatures and by courts in some sort of a conspiracy against labor. His argument takes various ramifications which will be touched on later.

The first error into which he falls is that of a complete misconception as to the character of the constitution of a state and that of the United States. He classifies them both as limitations on power—which they are not. There is a vast difference between them—a difference basic and funda-

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mental in character, which demands different rules for their interpretation and application. The Federal Constitution is not a limitation on power at all. It could not have been because the Federal government had no power to limit until *after* the constitution was adopted. It is a grant of power, not a limitation on power. Thirteen independent sovereign states banded together, and each, for the benefit of all, agreed to surrender certain of its sovereign attributes and concentrate the attributes surrendered to a fourteenth political entity thereby created, and the attributes of sovereignty thus surrendered make up the Federal Constitution, while the entity that was created is the United States of America.

The various states of the Union were, except in so far as the powers that had been delegated to the central government are concerned, free, sovereign and independent states with all the powers of such states; these powers, of course, residing ultimately in the people. There would be no limit, without a constitution, to what the state government could do. But the people themselves have by popular vote placed such a limit on what the state government may or may not do, and this limit, reduced to form, is the constitution of the state. The loose thinking of the article to which this is in reply has hopelessly confused these two principles, the two being discussed together as if they were identical. Having assumed an identity of character of these two distinct and different instruments, Mr. Woll then takes up his major thesis—to prove that in violation of the supreme law of the land, labor is being ground into slavery through either the venality or stupidity of legislatures, and with the connivance of the courts. In substantiation of this, he first quotes from the Declaration of Independence as interpretive of both state and Federal constitutions:

> All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is in the discussion of these rights that Mr. Woll falls into an error all too common and, it must be admitted, all

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too dangerous. That error is to regard these rights as absolute. Not in any sense of the word are they absolute. They exist only and can be exercised only in so far as that existence or that exercise does not conflict with the same rights on the part of others. A moment's reflection will show any man that in any civilized state this must be so. If my desire for liberty leads me to the point where the life or liberty of a number of others is endangered or destroyed, what principle of government, of law, of justice, or of decency will not impose a positive restriction on my right? If every citizen accept this declaration at its face value without looking behind it to the implied restrictions which our organization into a civilized society imposes, the result will be unceasing chaos, strife, and warfare with the decision going to the strongest. The righteousness of brute force will then become our national philosophy just as truly as it was the philosophy of Germany under the Hohenzollerns.

Mr. Woll then attacks the power of the Supreme Court to determine whether or not an act of Congress is consonant with or pursuant to the Constitution of the United States.

It must be obvious that the framers of the Constitution intended that every act of Congress should be in conformity with, and not in contravention to, the Constitution. Article Six of the Constitution plainly states that a law of the United States must be made in pursuance of the Constitution before it becomes the law of the land. In some body must repose the power of determining whether or not a law complies with this provision—otherwise Congress, by mere legislative enactment could amend the Constitution at will, and Article Five of the Constitution, which provides for its own amendment, would be automatically inoperative. This is, of course, a ridiculous assumption. Who, then, would Mr. Woll have decide the question? The President? This would limit the election to the Presidency to a constitutional lawyer, create a class ruler, and destroy one of our most priceless traditions. The judiciary committees of Congress?

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The power would still rest with Congress then to amend the Constitution *ad libitum*—and *ad nauseam*. How much more reasonable is it to assume that this power reposes in a body as far as possible removed from the political passions of the moment, a body composed of the most eminent jurists, the most profound students of the Constitution in the land?

Mr. Woll then steps to a defense of the Clayton Act as safeguarding the constitutional rights of workers. In this Mr. Woll was more courageous than clever, as cleverness would have led him to ignore this piece of labor legislation completely. The Clayton Act was designed in effect to exempt labor organizations from prosecution for conspiracy in restraint of trade as provided for in the Sherman Act. In other words, it destroys equality before the law by creating one law for capital and another for labor. But Mr. Woll claims that the Declaration of Independence established the rule by which the Constitution is to be interpreted, and he quotes: "All men are created equal." If they are, by what right then is a legal inequality set up? The principle of our government abhors class legislation, the placing of one class above another, the creation of a legal aristocracy. Any legislation that effects this is basely antithetical to the foundation on which the government rests, and is therefore indefensible. And this is precisely what the Clayton Act accomplishes. No Congress made up of other than of a majority of truckling, vote-purchasing sycophants would have enacted it.

Having argued that we are faithless to our forefathers by altering the Constitution, Mr. Woll then proposes that we keep faith with them by altering it still further. He demands that the judges of the Federal courts be elected, and not appointed by the President, as Article Two, Section Two, of the Constitution provides, so that they will be accountable and responsible to the people. In other words, he would extend to the judges of our Federal courts an invitation to render decisions that would be pleasing to that side which represented the greater number of votes, regard-

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less of the law. That is the very thing our forefathers, to whom we can be faithful only by effecting this change, foresaw. They distinctly wanted these judges independent of politics, as far removed from political considerations and exigencies as possible, not subject to the influence of the momentary passions that often flash over a community and then burn out. And in their wisdom, they provided for this in a way that is safe, sane, and which should always have the support of the country.

Mr. Woll concludes his article with a condemnation of compulsory arbitration and industrial court laws. On this point, one vital and distinctly pertinent question was asked by Governor Henry J. Allen in his debate in New York with Mr. Gompers, which question neither Mr. Gompers nor any labor leader has ever answered. In a dispute between labor and capital involving a necessity of life, has the American public no rights? No one dare say no. And if the public has rights, how are they to be guarded? The fact is (and every labor leader must acknowledge it to himself, if he dare not in public) what labor wants is this: It wants its six million members (including the Railway Brotherhoods) to organize closely so that it may act as a unit for a common purpose, to contribute to a common fund to be used in furtherance of this purpose, but it wants absolutely freedom from legal restrictions and from all accountability and responsibility for its own acts. And that it cannot and shall not have. Such an organization is a danger, a constant menace to the country unless it be kept within legal control. The public demand for this control is becoming daily more insistent, more widespread. Of what use, may I ask, is the principle of collective bargaining unless there is some way of enforcing the bargain when made? Of what use are arbitral boards unless the decision of the arbitrator can be made binding? And yet Mr. Woll knows, as well as any man, of many cases where labor agreed to arbitration, even suggested arbitration, approved and in

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some cases selected the arbitrator—and then refused to abide by the award.

The matter goes back to the only possible interpretation of the clause from the Declaration of Independence that Mr. Woll quoted. If the rights mentioned are absolute then Mr. Woll is right, but if in their exercise the same rights of others must be recognized and respected, then he is wrong, and the right of the worker to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, just as the same right of any man, regardless of status, should be and must be restricted to prevent unwarranted infringement on the rights of others.

Live and let live, takes precedence over legal interpretations.

PASSAGE

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Come, let us watch that rock drown in the tide
(So many things must go, so many things!)
Once we were young and the sea was not so wide,
Or love had wings.

Once we could round the earth without a sail.
(The magic winds are gone, the magic foam!)
Where was the harbor that we did not hail—
That was not home?

Come, we will watch the moon with thoughts, not dreams,
(Whatever goes, love stays, love warm and wise!)
Wingèd is youth; and yet our way still seems
Toward paradise!

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MONTENEGRO—A VICTIM OF PEACE

By RONALD TREE

THE last four years have been a sad time for Montenegro, for she has been occupied and maltreated by friend and foe alike, and the lifting of the dreaded Austrian rule has only brought a worse and more relentless weight, the domination of the Serb. For some years the Serbians have been dreaming of the day when the Slavic race could unite and become one power under one head, and take a prominent place as one of the great European powers. Since 1914 they have allowed themselves to dream until they are unable to see any man's point of view or personal inclination save their own. When in 1918 the Austrian power collapsed, they saw their chance and speedily took it.

The moment looked most auspicious. Bosnia and Herzegovina, who had always suffered untold hardship at the hands of Austria, held out both hands to Serbia; while Croatia and Slavonia turned to the same quarter and asked to be included in the new kingdom of Jugo-Slavia. The reasons which induced the two latter peoples to take this step are quite different from those of Bosnia, for, although the Bosnians, too, are of Slavic origin, they have always been among the most loyal of Franz Joseph's subjects, and supplied the best fighting troops of the Austro-Hungarian army. But since they saw so many of their colleagues breaking away from the Austrian rule, they thought they would have an excellent opportunity of avoiding the after-war issues that are bound to come to a beaten foe, so prepared to make the most of their Slavic connections and throw in their lot with Serbia. The results of this union have not proved altogether happy and the troubles in

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Zagreb (Agram) and other Croatian towns this spring, when the inhabitants came into touch with their rougher and more uncivilized neighbors, have made the northern states realize that their double dealings have brought them up against many difficulties.

The plan for the foundation of the kingdom of Jugo-Slavia was as follows: Each state should send delegates to Sarajevo, where they should vote for union, decide upon immediate points in question, set up a monarchy under King Peter of Serbia, and then appeal to France and the Allied powers for recognition. This was effected on December first, 1918, and Jugo-Slavia was formally inaugurated as a *de facto* government comprising the Slavic peoples of Croatia and Slavonia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, and lastly Serbia, swelled by the addition of annexed Montenegro.

Directly after the occupation of Montenegro by Austria in 1916, all men of fighting age who could be found were interned and later deported to prison camps throughout Austria-Hungary, leaving only the older inhabitants or those young men who had fled to the mountains and formed themselves into bands of comitagi to ravage and harass the Austrians as much as possible. Then in October, 1918, came the Austrian débacle and retreat, and close on their heels followed the victorious Serbians, who completely took possession of Montenegro and occupied the country with a Serbian division, establishing headquarters at Cetinje and Podgoritza.

In Montenegro there have always been two political parties, one, and probably by far the greatest majority, that had always hoped for an autonomous union of the Slavic people in the dim distance, but that was, at the same time, proud of its own country and loyal to its race; the other, dissatisfied with the existing circumstances or having some private grievance of its own, wished for a complete union with Serbia, under the Serbian crown, losing its autonomy, laws, and King. In addition to these two parties, there is a crowd of hangers-on, ready to jump whichever way the

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mouse turns, and quite willing to throw in their lot with the strongest side. Consequently when the Serbians arrived they found a large group of men ready to welcome them with open arms and acknowledge allegiance to Serbia. This was exactly as Serbia wished; in fact, she had doubtless used much propaganda to bring about this effect. Serbian statesmen were quite able to see the advantage of possessing Montenegro for two different reasons: first, it would make Serbia larger in population, and consequently she could command more votes in the congress of United Jugo-Slavia; second, it would give Serbia an important port and outlet on the Adriatic, which would not make her dependent on the Croatian ports on the Dalmatian coast.

Instantly the parliament, or Skonptchina, was called into session at Cetinje and an election by open ballot taken, notwithstanding the fact that almost all the men of fighting age were still interned abroad, or, if released by Austria, were being held at the frontier by the Serbian army or sent to Belgrade to discuss the situation with the Serbian statesmen. On November eighteenth this parliament voted for union with Serbia and for the abdication of King Nicholas and his dynasty, accusing him of having betrayed his country, and on November nineteenth delegates were dispatched to Belgrade to announce the union. These delegates, however, only reached Belgrade on December second, the day after the new kingdom of Jugo-Slavia had been officially formed and in consequence, Serbia had actually ceased to exist, yet the Serbians passed this matter over and accepted Montenegro as a part of Serbia.

This move caused widespread discontent throughout the country and while there were many who silently acquiesced, there were many more who openly objected to this sequestration of their land and looked about for some means of release. The Montenegrins were quite unorganized and besides this had been stripped of all their war equipment by the Austrians, while the Serbian division which occupied Montenegro was in excellent condition and was able to

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draw on the well-filled Austrian arsenal on the Bay of Cattaro for all supplies they might need. Added to this, any Montenegrins returning from Austria who dared raise their voice against the illegal way in which their country had been seized, were instantly put into the Podjontza prison, while their families received the most relentless persecution at the hands of their enemies. Many of the men fled to the mountains, and by the beginning of the year two separate and important forces had sprung into being, one in the hills that surround the capital, Cetinje; the other, away in the north in the mountains of Nicksich.

In their distress the Montenegrins looked around to their former allies for help, trusting in the Peace Conference to settle their wrongs and give them a chance to determine for thmselves what form of government they wished to adopt. On this point let me add that the majority of Montenegrins did not wish to have King Nicholas back on the throne or to establish a separate kingdom; but they wished to be able to make up their own minds and to join the young Jugo-Slav as a separate and autonomous entity, and not as a small part of Serbia with no voice or opinion in the way the new confederation was to be run. In addition to this, the country as a whole is quite willing that King Nicholas should be tried by an Allied commission on the charge of treachery and is willing to stand by any decision it might arrive at in order to clear the country of such a black name. The Montenegrins' first thought was to turn to America for help, trusting implicitly in the American people to listen to their woes—but in vain. France, too, was much too bound up in Serbia to listen to their arguments, and they found that Italy alone would hear them and back them up in their hour of need. Italy was naturally delighted to have a chance of offsetting the growing power on the Adriatic of Jugo-Slavia, which included her bitterest foes, the Croates and Slovenes, and promised to give any secret aid and to morally support Montenegro in any attempt she might make to throw off the Serbian yoke.

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So in a few months the contagion had spread from one small spot into a disease that might break out at any time into an international crisis, with war between Italy and Jugo-Slavia. At this time, Cattaro, that most picturesque of European ports that lies at the very foot of the grim mountains which form the boundary between Montenegro and the old empire of Austria, was placed under Allied command which comprised an Italian division, a Serbian division, a French division, and a company of United States infantry, with a French generalissimo in command. This town became the hotbed for all the intrigues "over the hill," as they call the giant Lovtchen that stands between the two countries. In Cattaro, feeling ran so high that Serbian sentries not only refused to salute Italian officers, but it was feared that actual strife might break out at any time between the soldiers of the two countries.

Meanwhile the Serbians were busily arming themselves from the Austrian arsenal of Theodo on the Cattaro Bay, while it was whispered that arms were being smuggled across the mountain by Italian agencies to the Montenegrin insurgents.

On January sixth, the trouble that had been brewing since November, openly broke out when the Montenegrin loyalists, who had collected around Cetinje, occupied the main road between Cattaro and the capital and attempted to cut off the Serbian troops. Half starved, miserably clad, and but poorly armed, nevertheless this plucky little band of loyalists held out for several days until an Allied force had been collected from Cattaro, and the French general threatened them all with internment if they did not agree to an immediate cessation of hostilities. At the same time, general amnesty was granted to all the prisoners and permission to return to their own homes if they would acknowledge Serbian rule. The Serbians, however, did not keep their word, and proceeded to imprison all who fell into their power and commit atrocities upon their families. Most of the insurgents fled into Albania and collected at San Juan di Medna, where they were kindly received by

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the Italians, and allowed to remain while a few of the leaders went to Rome and Paris in the hope that they might obtain a hearing at the Peace Conference. This hope, however, was in vain, and they were able to accomplish nothing. Meanwhile, all persons of note throughout the country had been imprisoned in Podjontza, where they were allowed to languish for months without a trial, for no other reason than that they wished to be free. So ended the first effort to get rid of the invader, and yet this gallant little people refused to surrender and continued its fight for freedom, struggling against hope and with the knowledge that the whole world was against it.

During the last few months I have not been able to closely follow events, but according to the newspapers, revolts have broken out afresh and the country has risen again in the hope of freeing itself. Half starved, hardly clad, and with little support, the people still continue in the hope that the Allies may realize their position and allow them a plebiscite to make their own destiny.

Perhaps it may be too late! Already starvation and defeat, such as was staring them in the face when I left Montenegro in March, may have proved too strong, yet nevertheless, in the cause of humanity, would it not be fair to allow them a chance to decide their own affairs? Doubtless, certain people in this country will say that Montenegro and the Balkans are no possible concern of ours, and that anyhow the Balkans are always causing trouble. This may be true, and yet it is from America that the doctrine of the Right of Self-Determination of Small Nations sprang, and surely it is not going to make peace and the workings of the League of Nations any easier by beginning at the wrong end. When I was there at the start of the year and saw these people in prison and outcast to the hills, they always said with great confidence—"Oh, but America will help us. She is defending weak nations!" Their implicit confidence in us was that of a child.

Let us then morally, if not physically, give them a chance to decide their own destiny.

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DRAMA OF SEX, DISASTER, AND HOPE

By ROLAND HOLT

PLAYS are usually written of by dramatic critics. Possibly this consideration of them by one of the millions of playgoers, who this season paid and took the manager's choice, may be something of a novelty. By plays I do not mean musical comedies, which cost you from six dollars and sixty cents to sixteen dollars for two orchestra seats, for you always have to take a friend along to amuse you till the tinkling thing is over; nor do I mean the "Chauve Souris" (five dollars and fifty cents at box office for one seat) or any other vaudeville. Playgoers fleeing from the depression of many of this season's plays have been desperate enough to seek entertainment in older plays like "Pomander Walk" with jingling music, or in the "Chauve Souris," because, knowing no Russian, they were safe from the words shocking or depressing them. I shall consider only strictly new plays (no revivals and none carried over from last season).

The writer is merely a "tired *business* man" with absolutely no connection with the theatre, except his love for it, which persists in spite of his having left it this season somewhat disgusted or depressed twenty-nine out of the fifty-one times he has gone. He realized that the primary blame for this is not the managers' nor the playwrights', but the Kaiser's and Prohibition's. The evils of the Kaiser's war have not ceased yet, the awfulness of it, the loss of dear friends, the subsequent poverty and unemployment have depressed the spirits of all humans, including both novelists and dramatists. Prohibition has thrown many men not directly selling liquors out of work, and crushed us down with taxes to make up the deficits from wine taxes. It certainly looks as though the managers were consciously

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trying, now that our drink is made weaker by law, to give us "stronger meat" in our drama. Since the brief outburst of the white slavery plays, some years ago, our theatre has been growing steadily more decent, but since Prohibition the license refused to wine seems to have taken possession of too many of our stages.

Woolcott, in his review of "Montmartre" in *The Times,* has said that this season "the drama in New York has been avidly devoting itself to the intensive study of harlotry." No one but a fanatic would want to entirely banish sexual immorality from the drama, where it has been an essential part of some of our finest plays, but one can have too much of it, and it can be grossly and untruthfully treated. Illicit love in the new plays of this season was more or less present in half of the twenty-two put on its Sign Post by the Drama League, in eighteen of the fifty-one I saw, and in forty of one hundred of those given. While the Drama League Sign Post has from eight to ten plays on its list each week, it marks but from one to three of them with a dagger, as "suitable for young people." That does not mean plays for children, as was shown when the League at Christmas and Easter made special lists for young people, and added such plays as "Bulldog Drummond," "Captain Applejack," "Thank You," "Six Cylinder Love," "To The Ladies," etc., which they had not considered of sufficient distinction to go in the regular weekly Sign Post, and it must be admitted that most of the sex plays chosen by the League were written with more distinction and ability than these supplementary antiseptic pieces, for the post-war depression, that kept Barrie off the stage this season, and brought Shaw in "Back To Methuselah" to about his lowest level, had sapped our comedy writers of real, rich, joyful zest. Shaw's picture of life "as far as thought can reach" was certainly horrible and depressing. He showed future mankind as living fifteen years in the egg, feeling sex attraction for but two, and then giving themselves up to contemplation for the rest of a long life.

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And here are a few more bits of depressing drama. Once we had "The Gold Diggers," a reasonably clean, jolly burlesque of chorus girl life; this season we had a view of the same life à la the Reverend Straton, "Lilies Of The Field," in which every one of the girls was a courtesan. Then there is "The Rubicon" that, according to Mr. Woollcott, made the audience feel as though they were peeking through a keyhole; Cosmo Hamilton's "The Silver Fox" with "the sly jest and furtive implication that are usually whispered behind the hand across flashy tables," and also his "Danger" by this author of an earlier season's "Scandal." Our public is growing tired of him, though, and his last two concoctions did not linger long in Manhattan. In two other plays, as a novelty, we were given "disrobing" scenes by men. In the picturesque "Varying Shore" we had a female Don Juan with a string of paramours. In "Back Pay," *The Sun* said Fannie Hurst "hung out all New York's dirty linen." Then we had that curious anti-social play, "The Circle," enthusiastically hailed by the critics, but damned by quite a number of inarticulate playgoers, and lasting here but about five months. The central figure is a woman who, having left her own husband for another man, aids her son's wife to treat him in the same fashion. There's not a decent character in the piece, not even the wronged husbands, for one is made a "cuckoo" and the other a prig. This play and the author's earlier "Our Betters" and "Too Many Husbands" treat English society in about the same jaundiced way our yellow journals handle our own society. If Maugham's and Cosmo Hamilton's pictures of it were true, Englishmen could never have made such a magnificent record in the war. "What is a little thing like marriage among friends?" about expresses "The Circle." The noble English folk in "A Bill of Divorcement" are a fine answer to it.

In addition to the plays noted, we were depressed, about as badly as punctured tires, by the added burdens of "The First Fifty Years" of married hell, the mother of "The

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Nest" left utterly lonely, the homicidal idiot of "The Verge," the soul-crushing farm life of "The Detour," the studies of the abject ruin of men by their mistresses in "The Claw" and "Madame Pierre," and of the instant return of all hands to their original meanness in "The Deluge." Some of these plays were good in themselves, but the cumulative effect was too much.

Eugene O'Neill in one of his scenes added fog to the prevailing gloom. He is generally conceded to be our leading dramatist, but, alas, he is also our leading pessimist! Of his four plays, given here for the first time this season, two lasted less than four weeks apiece, one played here five months and is now in Chicago, and "The Hairy Ape" is the only one still on view.

"Anna Christie" voluntarily stayed in a brothel till it was raided. Does O'Neill think "a maiden's any better when she's tough?" But later she showed generous courage and self-sacrifice. Her father, an old sea captain, with his blowzy mistress, and Anna's stoker-lover with his "cows" in every port, complete the leading characters. A strongly written play of redemption, though tinctured with the gutter.

Yank, "The Hairy Ape," was also a stoker, but he could not stand up to Fate. The first four scenes are fine. Then the play starts to toboggan, and Yank's ingenious suicide via a gorilla was so quiet and peaceful the night I was there as to be comic. Yank was depressing, while "The Emperor Jones," gaily whistling as he goes alone to cross an island full of murderous savages, was inspiring.

In "The Last Man," "the whole third act was played with . . . off-stage cries of the woman in labor." She died. So did the play.

"The Straw" had two clean, lovable young lovers, and ended with a touching scene where they were clinging to each other and to the last straw of hope. But playgoers found three acts in a tuberculosis sanatarium too depressing, and the play died young.

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We've been having a bit too much music on the French triangle—seventeen plays—but rumors from dispossessed German dramatists do not indicate that they've quite kept up their former enthusiasm for "one God and one wife."

Is it astonishing that, in view of all of the above, the playgoer who is allowed to pay, but has no "voice" about what he gets, has been casting a silent ballot and killed quickly perhaps three-fifths of the plays offered him? He slew "Bachelor's Night," "The Fair Circassian," "The Right To Strike" and "The Voice From The Minaret" each in its first week, and many other plays in their first fortnight. And as if that were not punishment enough, the playgoer has been crying for a censorship. Goodness knows that Prohibition has been horrible enough in its treatment of wine and "movies" to justify the cry of outraged horror which greeted the suggestion of applying it to plays! But the quickness with which a voluntary jury of censors was accepted looked suspicious. Censorship is often abused and an abused censorship might do more harm than good. Let the proposed volunteer jury remember the generous provision of Anglo-Saxon law, and always give the play the benefit of the doubt. Let them seek to cure rather than to kill, and then be very slow to tinker with a play. There was a rumor that Weber and Fields employed a man of taste at good pay to censor before they gave their "shows," which were among the cleanest and most delightful that we've ever had in New York. While there are but perhaps six per cent. of this year's plays that any reasonable person, in view of present standards since "the repeal of reticence," could dream of suppressing altogether, there are raw spots in others that are an insult to the playgoers and the actors, and a disgrace to the authors and managers.

But we have been deferring hope too long. The clean plays have run the longest, and there have been more clean or fine new plays than soiled ones, even this season when there has been far too large a percentage of the latter. Mr. Milne of *Punch* gave us "The Truth About Blayds," "The

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Great Broxopp" and "The Dover Road" that have scarcely enough material for their three acts and might make fine one-acters, and he writes like a gentleman. So do Walter Hackett in his whimsical "Captain Applejack," the veteran Gillette in the crook play, "The Dream Maker," Geo. M. Cohan in "Madeleine and the Movies," the three authors of "Dulcy" and "To The Ladies," and a number of others. Comedy though, as already said, has not yet reacted from the war misery enough to reach its old high standard, excepting possibly in the case of the naughty but delightful "Czarina."

The "one touch of nature" for most of us today is "hard-upness," crushed under the taxes to pay for the war, Prohibition, etc., and the sympathies of audiences have been powerfully attracted to the brave, humorous "busted" young couples in "Six Cylinder Love," "To The Ladies" and "The First Year." The "Auto"—that ruins us financially and leads us to "hooch," road houses and general sin —has been powerfully playing the villain in the fine tragedy of "Ambush" and the comedy of "Six Cylinder Love." But it is said that too many who should hiss Jazz, the villain of "The National Anthem," stay to applaud him.

Though the Provincetown Players have not had last season's big luck, they still remain dedicated to plays by Americans only, and have to their credit in this disastrous season O'Neill's "Hairy Ape," Susan Glaspell's powerful and beautifully staged "The Verge" and promise of yet another play by her.

While it has not the repertory of some of the great Continental theatres, yet many authorities feel that no theatre in the world today gives finer productions than our own Theatre Guild, with its unsurpassed Lee Simonson as scenic designer, though, like Shaw, he stuttered some in their three days' heroic endurance test with "Back to Methuselah." Sheer genius is not too strong an expression for the casting and the acting of the Guild. With the possible exception of the brief farce "Boubouroche," the taste of their plays in

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this smirched season has been faultless. Their Andreyeff's "He Who Gets Slapped," a romantic circus tragedy of a heart-sick clown who killed the woman he loved to keep her from defilement, was one of the two finest plays of the season. The other was Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement," with its heroic soldier, long-waiting wife, and self-sacrificing daughter (produced by Charles Dillingham).

If authors and managers can learn from this season's disasters, all will be well again. Let them give us more plays to brace our morale and re-create us through honest laughter, touching of the nobler emotions, rousing us to wish to right wrongs or to emulate noble examples.

BEFORE TAKING LEAVE OF MY MIND

By MARIE LUHRS

I have been a humble thing:
  A mouse with mild eyes
Who nosed at the little crumbs
  That the rats despise.

I have been a quiet thing:
  A circling forest pool
Washing over stars and leaves,
  Very deep and cool.

I shall be a flaming thing
  And burn through the town;
Cock's feathers in my hair,
  Bells on my gown.

Don't you try to pity me
  Or try to look sad—
You who were the jagged moon
  That drove me mad.

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SHALL WE HOLD TO DEMOCRACY?

By WILLIAM GRANT BROWN

VISCOUNT BRYCE, the greatest student of and philosopher in political science since DeTocqueville, postulates that: "Democracy really means nothing more or less than the rule of the whole people, expressing their sovereign will by their votes."

And: "No one thought of trying to revive free self-government in Italy or Greece or around the coasts of the Aegean, where hundreds of republics had bloomed and died." * * *

"We can well imagine other conditions which might have a like effect. The thing did happen; and whatever has happened may happen again. Peoples that had known and prized political freedom resigned it, did not much regret it, and forgot it. . . . Is it possible that a nation, tired of politics and politicians, may be glad to be saved the trouble of voting?" * * *

"One road only has in the past led into democracy, viz., the wish to be rid of tangible evils, but the roads that have led or may lead out of democracy are many." * * *

"If wars continue . . . it is possible that the lust of conquest or the need of defense may lead to a concentration of power in the Executive dangerous to the people." * * *

"Dangers may also rise from civil strife, when it reaches a point at which *one party becomes willing to resign most of the people's rights for the sake of holding down the other faction.*" * * *

"The less educated part of a nation might become indifferent to politics, the most educated class throwing their minds into other things, such as poetry or art . . . and gradually leaving the conduct of state affairs to an intelli-

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gent bureaucracy *capable of giving business men the sort of administration and legislation they desire, and keeping the multitude in good humor by providing comforts and amusements.*" * * *

"Few are the free countries in which freedom seems safe for a century or two ahead."

Are there any discernible "roads leading out of democracy?" In the last campaign the war cry: "let us return to parliamentary government, to normalcy," gave seven million majority to the Republican party, showing the fear of our people of "a concentration of power in the Executive dangerous to the people." Do not the following authoritative statements show that some of those in high places see the handwriting on the wall?

A Republican Senator declared in the United States Senate on January twenty-sixth, 1922: "These monopolies and exploiters early discovered that the road to power and profit was through the control of government. . . . They learned that by the use of the government to create special privileges, wealth beyond measure can be amassed within a few years. For that purpose they have always been zealous to secure and maintain control of the machinery of government, control of the Presidency, of the Senate and House. . . . The war completed the enthronement of the profit-taking, privileged, imperialistic group. The economic state and the political state have become so merged that today they could hardly be distinguished. Those who are nominally in control of the political government dare not make a move without first consulting those who rule the economic world, and have been forced time after time to abandon or reverse their most sacredly pledged policies when the financial masters so directed."

The Republican Governor of this state, at the New York State Bar Association dinner, recently said: "We must expect legitimate extension of Federal power, but whatever impairs the energy, the initiative, the effectiveness, the independence of state and local government of purely state and

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local affairs, tends to destroy the capacity of our people for self-government and to undermine our national structure."

What are the evolutionary processes through which our democracy has reached a status that induces such castigations by Senators and Governors and the pronouncement by syndicalists that the principal object of government in this country is to preserve unequal economic opportunity?

When Washington was elected President there were no political parties. His cabinet was selected with a view of having both conceptions of government expressed at the Constitutional Convention. The "Federalist party" sprang up as a common name for those to rally about who believed in a strong central government, with Alexander Hamilton as its leader.

The French Republic was created in 1793. The excesses of the same shocked the Federalists and gave the party solidarity. The liberal theories of the French people found sympathizers among the Anti-Federalists led by Jefferson, who was then in private life. France declared war on England. Jefferson's followers were suspicious of England. The Federalists advocated a strong central government. The Jeffersonians fought the tendency of the administration of Washingtion to strengthen the central government at the expense of the states. The followers of Jefferson insisted on state independence, local independence and personal independence. This group of men took the name of Republicans or Democratic-Republicans. They were the predecessors of the present Democratic party. We may say that the first two parties divided upon the general policy of order and stability at any price—and order and stability if possible, without surrendering the essentials of liberty.

The Federalist party disappeared in 1815-1820. Since then the political fortunes of the Republic have been administered wholly or in part by the Democratic-Republicans, Whigs, Know-Nothings, American party, Free Soilers and the Liberty party, the last five having been consolidated in 1856 into the present Republican party. The slave

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holders of the south took over the Democratic party, and the political party machinery of the country had been perfected for developing and carrying to a final conclusion the issues of the Civil War. With the exceptions of the administrations of Presidents Cleveland and Wilson, the affairs of the country have been administered by the Republican party since the Civil War. The Republican party has held the same relation to the large manufacturing and agricultural interests since the war, that the Democratic party held to the slave-holding interests before and during the said war.

Thus it is apparent that since the birth of this Republic, the people have diligently sought, through successive political parties, for an expression of their sovereign will without success—and today they are resorting to direct action through the Agricultural Bloc, the American Federation of Labor, and other groups. The conclusion is inevitable that the "expression of their sovereign will by their votes" is rendered impossible by the system supplied by political parties as at present constituted.

Viscount Bryce said in 1898: "Party government may be necessary . . . whatever tends to diminish its mischievous influence upon the machinery of administration . . . strengthens and ennobles the commonwealth and all its citizens."

Let it not be thought that there is anything wrong in principle *per se* in political parties—far from it. The principle of the right of assembly, of free speech, and of petition, were settled at Runnymede and Yorktown. The name of a political party is only a war cry—a common name for those to rally about who champion some particular cause. Contrary to the claims of many politicians, the more parties we have, the better, so long as they are not permitted to place the citizen in a position where it is essential that he shall serve a party in order to serve his country. A party must be made the means to an end only, and not an end in

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itself, as each is at present. Partisan politics has created the general belief that the party when in power is the government itself, and that consequently, to be loyal to country, it is necessary to be loyal to a party. It is the equivalent of saying that you must subscribe to some creed in order to love God.

Where then is the defect in our political system that results in discrediting the whole system, and causes the greatest political philosopher of our times, Viscount Bryce, to contend that "few are the free countries in which freedom seems safe for a century or two ahead."

A secret ballot in a private booth on Election Day places the citizen alone with conscience and his God at the critical moment of exercising his sovereign right to vote. If he has had a similar opportunity in selecting one candidate for each office for which he is called upon to express his preference by his ballot, then all the safeguards of democracy have been supplied, and the result must be accepted as "the rule of the whole people expressing their sovereign will by their votes"—which is democracy in the language of Lord Bryce. It is at this point, however, where democracy has broken down. The partisan politician has been forced to accept the verdict of the voters on Election Day, but the people have never been able to satisfactorily safeguard their rights on Primary Day—and therein lies democracy's Nemesis. The future of democracy is in the lap of the gods. The people have exacted at a terrible price the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, and rendered inviolate their sacred right on Election Day. The only bulwark between them and control of their government is the partisan-controlled nomination system. With it in their hands, they will be, for the first time in history, in a position to try out representative government first, I trust —and then, if that does not work satisfactorily, they should try a pure democracy as provided in the iniative, referendum, and the recall, before resorting to the more drastic

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methods which I pray may never be found necessary to secure justice and liberty under law.

The direct primary or direct nomination is only an application of the same principles or safeguards within the party on Primary Day, at which time candidates are selected, as are employed on Election Day—*i. e.,* a secret ballot in a private booth on Primary Day to select candidates for the various offices, or independent nominations.

The convention system broke down. It gave us the boss. The boss system rendered public service an odious career, and made it a job instead of a mission—resulting in loss of respect for law, authority, and public officials.

The convention is useful for drafting a platform if it be drafted before nominations are made. The platform to a party is what the principles and character of an individual are to a candidate, and in both instances should be known before nominations are made. The people must have this information before they can make intelligent selection of candidates. The partisan says the direct primary makes two campaigns necessary, and thus is too expensive. If the candidate has proved qualifications as shown by his interest in public affairs, the expense of placing his name on the primary ballot is nominal, and in any event the public is not interested in that as there is always an aspirant for the office as good, if not better, waiting for the opportunity to serve in his place. It is service that the public wants. The public is not interested in fostering the fortunes of individuals as parties are. The partisan says that right men will not seek office through the direct primary system. In other words, the partisan says that the right man prefers to stand, hat in hand, before a boss and cravenly beseech him for the nomination, rather than ask his neighbors to sign his petition. He means that such is the case with the men now in public life. Surely it would not be true of those capable of restoring respect for law, authority, and public officials.

The boss system fills offices with the faithful of club meetings, picnics, dances, and with contributors of money

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and influence to the system. The boss system places the renomination of a public officer in the hands of the boss. Who will such an official serve? The boss system places government in the hands of whoever controls the bosses of both parties. It reduces the control of government to a science—a simple matter—and makes democracy a farce.

The direct primary renders it possible to restore representative institutions, to restore public service to an honorable career, to restore respect for law and authority, and ultimately to save our democratic institutions.

Only those actively engaged in politics—partisans—object to direct nominations. With the power to select candidates taken away from the "machine," substantially all of the usefulness of the "machine" to those exploiting the people through the "machine," is taken away. The Direct Primary Law of this state was repealed preparatory to the carrying through of matters of great moment. Does anyone think that the members of the last Legislature would have voted for certain measures now the general law of the state if they had not known at the time that the Direct Primary Law would be repealed, thus leaving their renomination to the "machine," and not to their constituents. Does this not apply to the renomination of the Governor?

SUPPLICATION

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

Life crowds upon us in the market place,
  And crushes back the starting of a tender wing—
  God grant us room again for blest remembering;
God grant us space!

The vision dies too swiftly, and its bloom.
  Dear Lord, upon the altar of a fine desire,
  Let Thy four winds still fan the elemental fire—
God grant us room!

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CANAL TOLLS AND AMERICAN HONOR

By CHARLES NAGEL

THE proposed exemption of our vessels, engaged in coastwise traffic, from the payment of Panama tolls has given rise to renewed discussion. Indeed, in the heat of the argument, even the motives of the fair-minded have been challenged. I assume that in the progress of the discussion, every possible angle of the question has been covered. But at the risk of repetition, I shall endeavor to state a position which impresses me as entirely fair, and calculated to respect the just demands of every country.

I admit that upon some other points there may be considerable doubt about the correct interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. But I submit that most of the confusion in the discussion of the subject of tolls has arisen from a failure to make clear to ourselves the reason and the effect of the proposed exemption. In other words, it is entirely possible, as it seems to me, to provide for exemption to our shipping, without in the least denying equality of treatment, or just and reasonable charges, to foreign shipping. And this in my judgment is precisely what the law of 1912 proposed to do and actually did do.

The language of the treaty is as follows:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect to the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

The discussion of toll exemption has generally turned upon the provision that there shall be no discrimination.

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Some have contended that the United States, as the proprietary nation, is not in any respect to be classed as a nation controlled by the terms of the treaty. Others that the United States obviously is in all respects to be so included. Both of these contentions appear to me to be too broad; but in my view a further consideration is not necessary to a decision of the immediate question. Finally, some say that the coastwise service may be exempted, because we alone can regulate this service, even to the extent of excluding all foreign shipping from our harbors. Admitting the force of this argument, if it rested with the provision against discrimination alone, I can not believe that it meets the final requirement that "conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

The answer to the immediate question of exemption, in my judgment, rests with the language just quoted. It is with respect to this language that I propose to consider the proposed exemption of our shipping. The basic facts are these: We have constructed and we are operating the canal. The ships of all nations have the right to use the canal on terms of absolute equality. We have the right to charge tolls; but these charges must be just and equitable.

How is the justness or reasonableness of a charge to be determined? Obviously, it must bear a direct relation to the initial cost of construction, the present cost of maintenance and operation, and the service rendered.

Having all these factors in mind, it must follow that in fixing the charge of any one ship, we must take into account the services rendered to all ships. The cost of construction and operation is incurred for all the shipping which is accommodated. Therefore, a just and reasonable charge for one ship is predicated upon a fair distribution of the entire cost or toll among all ships that enjoy the privilege of the canal.

To exempt some ships, and to correspondingly increase the burden of other ships, would manifestly be unfair, and would to that extent defeat the guaranty of just and equit-

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able charges. It can not be fair, just, or reasonable to protect ourselves from loss by charging some ships more because we have chosen to charge other ships nothing. Such a course would signify a flagrant abandonment of the fundamental rule that the charges imposed must be predicated upon the earning power for all services rendered. In other words, we can not save ourselves by unloading upon others to whom we have guaranteed just and reasonable rates.

But this does not mean that we may not exempt our shipping from the actual payment of tolls. In saying this I do not rely upon our peculiar control of coastwise shipping. On the contrary, I contend that we may exercise any policy we please with respect to all our shipping, so long as we do not thereby increase the burden of the ships of any other nation.

In other words, for purposes of ascertaining the reasonable rate, we must assess our ships, but we are under no obligation to collect the assessment. We have the right to subsidize our ships. This is a right which many of the countries interested in this question exercise for the development of their shipping. Indeed the measures adopted by other countries may in large measure determine our course.

We therefore would clearly be within our rights if we taxed our ships at the fixed rate, collected the amounts, and by way of subsidy, promptly returned the tax. Such a course involves solely a question of domestic policy; just as we may decide whether our ships shall be served by domestic crews or shall be built by union or non-union labor. Other countries have the same privilege. All countries that allow subsidies exercise this right in some manner or measure.

Granted, then, that having collected the regular toll, we may return it or any part of it as a distinct subsidy; where is the need for collecting it at all? Why not allow it straight? Nothing but bookkeeping is involved. The

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amount and character of the subsidy remains the same, whether it be allowed without payment or be returned after payment. The essential question is not what we allow our ships, but what we charge foreign ships. There can be no ground for complaint, so long as the payment of tolls by foreign ships is governed by a rule which is common to them all and which, in determining the rate, has taken into account the cost or value of services rendered to our ships. To repeat, the question is not whether our ships pay anything, but whether foreign ships are compelled to pay any part of what our ships should have paid if we had not exempted them. It must, of course, be admitted that the case is much more clear and can be more persuasively presented if the toll on our ships is collected first and is afterwards returned in its true character as a subsidy.

I am of the impression that most of the discussion and indignation were caused by assuming that exemption from tolls to our ships resulted in discrimination and in hardship to foreign shipping. I fail to see any cause for alarm about the morals of our position. The tolls fixed by our government were predicated upon the rule which I now advance. Both the Senatorial indignation and the mysterious Presidential alarm were groundless, as I think an inquiry into the methods followed by our government will show.

REINCARNATION

By VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

Long-faded love lives on in some wee song,
And fossil ages dwell in stalwart hills—
Man finds new birth in life's unending throng;
Dead sunlight lives again in daffodils!

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POLITICS AND THE SALES TAX

By ROBERT R. REED

THE practical difficulty in securing the sales tax in this country lies in the fact that men either will not take the trouble to think the matter out as a practical problem, or that they dare not support it because it is a professed consumption tax and therefore politically unpopular. It is only fair to add that this difficulty has been increased by a seemingly inspired business hostility to the sales tax, and that this hostility seems to come very largely from semi-monopolistic interests which are beneficiaries of the highly graduated profits taxation because of its destructive effect on their competitors, and are opposed to the sales tax because the sales tax cannot be so readily shifted by an industry which is able to fix its retail price without regard to cost or competition. There are, of course, sincere disbelievers. Like Professor Seligman, they discuss the proposal fairly and their opposition is (or was) relative, not absolute.

The result to date is that the farmer and workingman organizations are playing into the hands of interests which, to put it concretely, and perhaps too strongly, wish to levy their own consumption tax on the public. It is this kind of opposition which has played up the commodities sales tax as a proposal to shift the burden of taxation from the rich to the poor. Its argument rests on two assumptions. The first is that our present income taxes fall on wealth. The second is that the advocates of the sales tax want to repeal or eliminate these taxes. Each assumption is politically popular and absolutely false.

For many years we have been developing a condition, in state and nation, where exaggerated promises and panaceas

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are held out to the voters, even enacted into statutes, which somehow or other rarely accomplish or do what is declared. The higher surtaxes as they now exist are a political lie. Every lawyer familiar with their actual operation knows this. I have followed the income tax from its inception, both in Congress and in the Treasury, and also in my practice for clients. I find that these highest surtaxes rest on accidents—not on real income. The man of large invested wealth may escape them entirely. If he assumes them, he commands a price for his capital that relieves him of the tax.

The average business man whose profits come from risk and personal effort, the man who has made America, pays them at the peak of his earning power according to the accident of his profits. If he is successful, he may find several profitable ventures culminating in a single year. He makes one hundred thousand dollars; the next year he makes twenty thousand dollars; the third year he loses twenty thousand dollars. On a beneficial earning of one hundred thousand dollars in three years he pays a tax predicated on one hundred thousand dollars as a beneficial one year's income. He pays for the three years much more than the nominally high rates applicable to his real income, more than twice the tax of the man with a constant income of thirty-four thousand dollars a year. After long labor and sacrifice, the business man comes to the period of life where his past efforts bear fruit, when he hopes to succeed, to reap what he has sown in toil and self-denial. He finds a thirty per cent. to fifty per cent. income tax taking more than half of his surplus over current living costs—more than half of the earnings of a lifetime—of his potential capital.

When he asks his Congressman about it, he is told that these high taxes were intended for the millionaire—for the idle rich. The Congressman is very sympathetic when he learns at first hand the practical operation of the tax, but when you appeal to him at Washington he lets you know that the average voter still thinks these taxes rest on the

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rich, and if he votes to reduce them he will or may lose his job.* You may also find that the tax representative of some favored industry, opposed to the sales tax, has something to do with it.

The higher surtaxes running above thirty-two per cent. were producing less than ninety million dollars a year ago. Less than three per cent. of the total revenue came from these higher rates of incomes over sixty-six thousand dollars. Relatively few of those incomes represent great wealth.

May I add that sixty million dollars seems a high estimate for the current yield from these top rate surtaxes. This is about one and one-half per cent. of the total revenue.

In perpetuating this political lie and to secure this one and one-half per cent. of the revenue, the normal conditions of business are reversed. Great investment wealth which should and would take business risks is driven into hiding. The very rich class pretended to be taxed is protected and made exclusive—protected by being driven into safe tax-free securities, and exclusive because the rest of us are taxed to destruction if we have the ability and business opportunity and dare to take the risks necessary to make substantial profits.

It is the business and the individual, the workingman and the farmer, not investment or wealth, that suffers from the unproductive surtaxes, from the political lie which perpetuates them. Wealth is exempt; monopoly is favored by the restriction of competition and the slaughter of individual aspirants. Business halts, labor is unemployed, and farm products must be sold for less than a living profit.

So much for the higher surtaxes. If it is true that advo-

*There is in Congress, as elsewhere, a failure to fully appreciate the destructive incidence of the higher surtaxes on varying business profits. Members of Congress, reputed to be men of wealth whose properties are incorporated, urge the higher surtaxes with a splendid gesture, failing to appreciate their effects because in their own businesses they pay them only if, as, and when they distribute their income as dividends. Others, honestly obsessed with the excess profits fallacy, wish to limit the corporation tax on profits under eight per cent., not realizing that this discriminates heavily in favor of the incorporated investment of the "idle rich" and the constant secure income of the semi-monopoly as compared with the rising and falling profits of the average business corporation.

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cates of the sales tax hope to see these highest taxes removed, it is not for the purpose of being relieved from their money cost, which few of us pay and the total of which is negligible, but to relieve business from their arbitrary effects from which all of us, and especially the workingman and farmer, are now suffering.

Manifestly, it is not a question of shifting the burden. In approaching the sales tax, we are considering, first, the need of more revenue, and, second, the source from which it may be obtained. There is only one way that adequate revenue may be obtained from the income tax, and that is by raising the normal rate and the so-called lower brackets. That is desired by no one, least of all by the Congressman who is studying taxation in terms of the next election.

A study of the actual revenue situation shows two things: one, that the income and excess profits tax is producing less than one billion five hundred million dollars for the taxable year 1921 instead of three billion and over which was produced by the same rates out of the income of 1919; the other, that, as the large revenue still derived from war salvage and back taxes disappears, we face a revenue deficit of approximately five hundred million a year. How is this revenue to be obtained? One of the leaders of the group of business opponents of the sales tax has voiced the following:

"We are going to come to a time when there will be a fluctuation in the revenue requirements of the government, and when that time comes if we shall have established a permanent system of taxation—and, incidentally, I believe the income tax is the real foundation of our revenue system, and it should always be considered as such and perfected as we may perfect it in the next few years—and then when we come to this point where we can stand a cut in revenue, all that will be necessary will be to shave down our rates."

In other words, the incomes of the country fall from heaven in a fixed amount and their distribution is ordained by nature. Our only concern is with the rate of tax to produce a needed revenue.

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What we are facing today is a drop in the revenue yield of a tax on incomes far exceeding the decline in revenue requirements. This drop is induced not only by business depression, but by the fifty-seven varieties of avoidance under a tax system of accidents.

As against the kind of tax economics which I have quoted, if we can call it such, the advocates of the commodities sales tax propose a dependable base or foundation for Federal revenue. They suggest that there should be a low rate productive tax on a dependable source, and the source they have indicated is commodity sales. These constitute the most constant class of necessary transactions, transactions which vary least with industrial changes, which can be least readily avoided or fabricated, and the taxation of which will least disturb the normal freedom of industry. We do not propose this as an exclusive tax or as a substitute for anything except economic heresy and political cowardice. We do say that, given this dependable base tax, Congress can and should continue the income tax, and, as conditions permit, endeavor to make the whole tax system rest according to ability on the expenditures and income of the country.

With this base tax on all and the added taxes on incomes as they rise, we have at least in principle the ideal of taxation according to ability.

We have called the sales tax the honest consumption tax, to emphasize the political dishonesty of a tax nominally on wealth, which, in its necessary effects, throws not only its cost, but an added burden on consumption.

The kind of a sales tax is almost as important as the sales tax itself. We now have a system of so-called concentrated sales taxes, comprising a number of excise sales taxes on particular commodities, including tobacco, automobiles, cameras, jewelry, candy, carpets, and other quasi-sales taxes on motion pictures and other occupations. It is also proposed to tax sales of gasoline and sugar, and possibly electric light bulbs, etc. These special sales taxes may be likened to a large number of variegated little wagons, some of them

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little go-carts, all of them carrying the tax paid by the consumer to the Federal government. In this procession of tax vehicles there is one which all of us recognize, the old reliable tobacco tax. There was another equally substantial one which is perhaps missed even more by the consumer than by the Treasury—the old alcoholic beverage tax. The advocates of the general sales tax desire to keep the tobacco tax, but instead of increasing the miscellaneous go-carts and dog-wagons known as special sales taxes, with their varying systems of administration, they wish to present to both the consumer and Uncle Sam a new motor truck that will carry the desired load in one trip and with one driver. They do not necessarily want to increase the load, but they wish to use one general and sufficient vehicle instead of a variety of little ones.

The commodity sales tax truck will stop at every door as do our other tax vehicles. Like the concentrated special taxes, it will take the tax-payer's contribution according to his own standard of ability, that of expenditure. Unlike some of the special taxes, it will carry the total contribution without mishap, evasion, overloading, or avoidance, right to the Treasury.

It is not intended that this general vehicle shall take from the consumer anything more than the tax on commodities purchased. The commodities tax would not apply to sales of real estate, to rent, or doctors' bills. These are different possible subjects of taxation. They cannot go in the commodities sales tax truck, and most of us believe that it is unwise and unnecessary to have a bunch of Fords running alongside, or to burden either the consumer or Uncle Sam with too many calls and deliveries when the desired load can be transmitted in one vehicle.

Many objections have been made and will be made to various all-inclusive tax proposals which go beyond the commodities sales tax and link it up with taxes on voluntary capital transactions and other forms of turn-over, or make it a part of a complete tax program which in their enthusi-

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asm some gentlemen would present to Congress for enactment. The nearer we come and the closer we stick to the very simple proposal of a commodities sales tax, the more completely are all objections removed. This is the tax which has proved so successful in the Philippines, and, with the exclusion of retailers' sales and a number of specific exceptions, in Canada. It is not the tax which has proved less successful in other countries, such as medieval Spain, and recently in France, or in our own days of reconstruction after the Civil War. It is important, not only to the successful advocacy of the sales tax, but to its successful operation and permanence, if adopted, that we adhere to this simple principle, to the conception of the single vehicle carrying an honest load from the consumer to the Treasury. Whatever may be said for taxing things other than commodities, the fact remains that they are essentially different things and should not be included in our conception of a general commodities sales tax.

Practically all that has been said or can be said against the commodities sales tax was said most ably and effectively by a number of its opponents who appeared before the Senate Finance Committee in May, 1921. A review and discussion of all this adverse testimony has been prepared. The result is a demonstration of the inconsistency and interested character of much of the business opposition, of the sadly mis-informed character of the agricultural and labor opposition, and of the final fact that there is no objection to the sales tax other than that it is a consumption tax, which, in the opinion of Professor Seligman, is less desirable than additional specific taxes on a number of special articles, such as sugar and gasoline.

When this final fact is brought home to the farmer and the workingman, when they realize the futility and political hypocrisy of the pretended tax on wealth, we should see a definite reversal of their opposition to the most honest and least burdensome form of a consumption tax.

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NEW YORK'S EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

By HARRY B. CHAMBERS

LITTLE is known, outside of educational circles, of the Department of Education of this, the greatest city, and of the problems that confront the Board of Education, the Superintendent of Schools, and others composing our great educational system. This lack of uniform knowledge is unfortunate, and greater sympathy, support and co-operation would prevail, and more intelligent and constructive assistance would be rendered, if the facts in question were disseminated. A visiting leader in the educational world, an outsider, has recently stated that the New York schools stir wonder. The magnitude of the problems and the handling of them amazed this educational writer. There will be practically a million children enrolled in the public schools of New York City this year, and they will cover the widest conceivable range of ability and non-ability, of the homes of saints and sinners, of the homes of culture and ignorance, of one hundred per cent Americans and one hundred per cent non-Americans.

As is befitting the largest city in the world, we have the largest educational system in the world. The school population of New York City is larger than the combined school populations of the five cities next in point of population to the city of New York. We have, as stated above, one million children; we have also twenty-five thousand teachers, over six hundred schools, and more than three thousand executive employees. This supervisory and teaching staff, and the administrative executives, constitute the finest personnel available in the matter of efficiency and love of the work. They are splendid men and women who are giving their lives to this work, modestly and efficiently, while

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making great sacrifices because of that love for their work. Their inspiration is the responsibility that rests upon them to develop the future citizens of our country. Our government can never be stronger than our individual citizenship.

In laying the foundation for successful lives for our children we stress character, for financial success is more or less a chance, but with character properly founded one can be truly successful and happy in life.

We are now endeavoring to further stress the fundamental studies of English, spelling, and lower mathematics, in order that the spoken and written English of our graduates may be perfected so as to compare favorably with that of the graduates of any private school or college. We have had a survey made with regard to spelling so as to teach the proper spelling of words most commonly used. In addition to the above, we have special activities which have brought our system into prominence and helped to make it the standard of this country, if not the world.

In this city we have problems that do not confront other cities. We have a cosmopolitan population; we must assimilate and weld into our normal life children of foreign-born parents. These in spirit are one hundred per cent American, but in addition to educating them we must help to Americanize them, and, as aforesaid, give attention to character building.

We are working out the Junior High School innovation, which, we believe, has successfully passed the experimental stage. In this junior high school work we endeavor to gently bridge the gap between the elementary and high school life of the child. The first year in high school is the most difficult: the child has left his familiar surroundings, his elementary school life, where his weakness and his strength are known to his principal and his teachers, and, under new conditions and at some distance from home, he must begin school life anew. In the junior high school plan we may also eliminate an entire year of the child's school life, resulting in a great saving to the child and his parents

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financially, and also benefiting the city of New York financially to a very substantial degree. We do this by having a ninth year in our elementary schools, teaching at the beginning of the school year much of elementary school work and a little of high school work, and then gradually decreasing the elementary and increasing the high school studies until at the end of the ninth year the child has unconsciously covered the first year of the ordinary high school curriculum; and when this plan is fully developed the high school course can be limited to three years instead of four.

Recently there was held at Chicago the annual meeting of the National Education Association, composed of delegates from all over the United States, and there our system stood out. A rather amusing incident occurred: one superintendent from a large western city proudly stated from the platform that his was a great responsibility and problem, as he had twelve thousand high school students; he was followed by Dr. Ettinger, our Superintendent of Schools, who calmly stated that we have ninety-two thousand high school students.

Our teachers go into the homes of crippled children, and into the hospitals and institutions where such children are, and give them their only chance for education and, in many cases, their only abstraction from pain. We have experts teaching the mentally defective, the deaf and dumb, and the blind, teaching open-air classes, cardiac classes, and industrial and placement work. We teach Americanization and English to foreigners. Our annual budget is scientifically prepared under a separate staff of experts presided over by the School Commissioners, the members of the Board of Education, amounting annually to eighty million dollars. We have a new school building programme under way involving an expenditure of eighty-five million dollars. We have a scientific promotion and pension system for our employees.

The Board of Education is composed of seven members responsible for conducting properly the above activities.

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They do not sit in secret executive sessions, but as a Committee of the Whole, surrounded at every meeting by the leading educational writers of this city, and that means this country, where all problems are openly discussed and acted upon, and the meetings are open to those of the public generally who may be interested in educational matters. The result is that all members gradually become experts, not only in one given educational activity or department, but in the system as a whole.

On the occasion of the presentation to the Legislature of the so-called Meyer Bill, which, by the way, we understand will not be passed, the writer expressed the following views on these important questions, realizing the fact that the educational system of the city of New York, conducted by the Board of Education as at present constituted, is a state function:

"I believe that the present system is one of the best that could be devised for our city, and that it is efficient in all its lines of endeavor.

"Notwithstanding the fact that the Citizens' Union, the *New York Herald* and other newspapers and organizations which are not pro-Hylan have taken the position that the present membership personnel of the Board of Education should not be disturbed, it was sought in this bill to substitute in their place a board of fifteen members (not to be appointed by the Mayor, who is chosen by a majority of the people of the city itself, with a fixed individual responsibility as to the personnel of his appointees) but to be appointed by the members of the Board of Regents. This was urged upon the ground that the Board of Regents would be non-political, and this in face of the fact that the Board of Regents is as political as can be, as its members are appointed by a political party caucus which might be controlled by a minority political power as far as the city of New York is concerned. Furthermore, I am of the opinion that the smaller board of seven is preferable to the larger board of fifteen, as the seven members must all be

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workers, whereas with fifteen we would probably go back to the old executive sessions, and many appointees to an honorary position of this kind, without compensation, would not take the work seriously, but regard the position as a toy or as a means for social advancement. Large business corporations, such as the Board of Education, obtain better results with a smaller board of directors, and the Board of Education might well be termed a great business organization and the seven members the directors thereof.

"At the present time, as to our school site selections, we have the supervision of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and rightly so, as this eliminates errors, mistakes, malfeasance and nonfeasance. While the Meyer Bill would enlarge our powers and give us full control, yet we do not seek this sole control, but believe it to be for the best interests of the city to have dual control and responsibility. Were we seeking these great additional powers we would be subject to great criticism, but instead of so seeking we are endeavoring to maintain the present system.

"As to full financial control, this is an open question. The present members did not seek added powers. It might well be said that as the Board of Estimate and Apportionment must raise the necessary funds, that Board should have something to say as to the expenditure thereof, within proper limitations, as, otherwise, the situation might lead to extravagance, especially with an unpaid Board of Education that cannot possibly give all its time to this great work. The Meyer Bill would practically provide an automatic amount. The amount in one year might be more than needed, and be extravagantly expended. On the other hand, in another abnormal year such as this year, under such business and economic conditions resulting in a much larger school attendance, an additional amount might be required, and there would be no means of obtaining the same; whereas, at present we can go to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and that Board has never yet refused a proper request of this kind, and cannot do so, as

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the citizens of this city will not countenance any curtailment in the education of their children."

What might and should be accomplished, however, would be the provision of an elastic annual amount by constitutional amendment, removing the two per cent limitation as to school funds. This method, however, cannot be provided for in the Meyer Bill, but must be in the form of a constitutional amendment. The Meyer Bill would provide only ten billion dollars for new school buildings, while we have at present a greatly needed building programme involving eighty-five million dollars. Furthermore, the Meyer Bill would subordinate to the position of clerks the present Board of Associate Superintendents and make the Superintendent of Schools a czar. This should not be. The Board of Associate Superintendents, as at present constituted, forms an admirable body for conference, advice and action, and the members of that Board are of national fame in educational circles.

An elective Board of Education has been suggested for New York City, but this would involve more practical politics than any appointive system in a city such as ours, and is not advisable. The cry of "politics" in our school system is nothing new. On examining the newspaper files we find that for years past this has been continually asserted, yet under such so-called politics in the Board our system has advanced so as to become the greatest in the world and the standard—and this being so, let us have more of the same kind of politics.

New York's school children use six hundred and seventy-two thousand, one hundred and seventy-three packages of writing paper in a year. If these were piled one on top of another they would make a pile one hundred and eight times as high as the Woolworth Building. The ninety-three thousand six hundred and forty-two dozen composition books they fill with literary efforts in a year would make a pile twenty-three times as high as the Woolworth Building. They use one hundred and one thousand three hundred and

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eighty-four reams of drawing paper, which if placed in a pile would reach a height of fifty-six times as great as that of the Woolworth Building. Their thirty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven dozen writing pads would tower thirteen times as high as the Woolworth Building. Their forty-four thousand five hundred and fifty-nine dozen memorandum books would make a pile eleven times as high as the Woolworth Building.

The average supply and equipment budget for the years between 1906 and 1919 was one billion three hundred and thirty-three million one hundred and fourteen dollars. The budget for 1906 was one million three hundred and sixty-seven thousand, five hundred and sixty-five dollars.

Coal to heat school buildings cost an average of five hundred and thirty-five thousand one hundred and seventy-four dollars per year from 1904 to 1917. After the war, fuel prices sent the totals sky high, but the tonnage remained about the same. About one million text books are supplied each year. The ink the children use in a year costs about one thousand five hundred dollars.

Lest all these figures alarm tax payers, it should be said that the cost of supplies for one child for one day of the present year, in the grades from the kindergarten to Eight, B, will be about eight-tenths of a cent, or one dollar and sixty-seven cents for the year. The cost per high school will be about two and three-tenths of a cent a day.

From the standpoint of dollars and cents alone, the following statistics demonstrate the value of educational achievements:

"In Massachusetts the average person goes to school seven years; in Tennessee the average person goes to school three years. In Massachusetts the average income is two hundred dollars per person; in Tennessee it is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

"In the United States as a whole the average college graduate earns two thousand dollars a year, the average

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high school graduate one thousand dollars, the average elementary school graduate five hundred dollars.

"Each day spent in high school is worth twenty-five dollars to each pupil, each day spent in college fifty-five dollars. This is more than the average boy or girl can earn by leaving school and going to work.

"Only one in a hundred of our people is a college graduate, yet thirty-six of every one hundred Congressmen have been college graduates, while fifty per cent of our Presidents, fifty-four per cent of our Vice-Presidents, sixty-eight per cent of our Supreme Court Judges, and eighty-seven per cent of our Attorney-Generals have had college degrees.

"There is a book called 'Who's Who in America.' This book contains the names of persons who are well known because of prominent activity. The person who cannot read and write has one chance in one hundred and fifty thousand to get his name into this book; the grammar school graduate, one in four thousand two hundred and fifty; the high school graduate, one in one thousand six hundred; the college graduate, one in one hundred and eighty; the honor student in college, one in three.

"Does education pay? It does."

CITY STREETS

By ELINOR C. WOOLSON

With long shafts of yellow light
The early sun
Flashes down
Into the grimy streets—
Like a powerful magician
Scattering pearls of beauty,
Scattering gems of prism colors
That glisten
Against deep dark canyons
Of shadow.

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FOCH'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

By COMMANDANT DE MIERRY

"Paris, March 7th, 1922.

Mr. Percy Peixotto,
2 rue des Italiens,
Paris, France.
Dear Mr. Peixotto:

I have submitted to Marshal Foch the letter which you were kind enough to write me yesterday and I have asked him if he will consent to enter into your plans. The Marshal, as I indicated to you at the time of your last visit, has made an absolute rule never to write anything, either for French or foreign magazines or newspapers, and in spite of the great pleasure which it would give him to write himself of his impressions of America, he is not able to depart from this rule without danger of being carried too far from his self-imposed line of conduct.

However, I add that Commandant de Mierry is sufficiently intimate with the Marshal to know his ideas, and you may be assured that the article which he has written and which you have been good enough to be interested in, is an exact reflection of the impressions of Marshal Foch.

I am certain that you will understand the major reasons which oblige the Marshal to decline, with great regret, your proposition.

I also thank you for so amiably putting yourself at my disposal, but I did not wish to take up your valuable time and oblige you to come to my office without the possibility of obtaining the Marshal's decision, now long delayed.

With regrets, and kindest regards, dear Mr. Peixotto, and assuring you of my highest esteem,

(Signed) *WEYGAND."**

*General Weygand was Chief-of-Staff of the unified command of the Allied armies, serving under Foch from the time the latter took command to the end of the war.

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WHAT memories—what impressions did Marshal Foch carry away from his visit to the United States? Many times has this question been asked us since our return to France by our American friends in Paris, and because in responding, they have enabled us to relive unforgettable days, we have been pleased to be so interrogated.

Our memories—they cling entirely to the reception that was given us over there, and which surpassed all that the imagination can conceive.

The Marshal was not yet in sight of American land when American warships came out to salute and escort him. When at Quarantine he left "The Paris," which had brought him from France, and got aboard the tug superbly decked with flags which was going to convey him to New York, a magic spectacle awaited him. Manœuvring about the Statue of Liberty, aeroplanes pierced the air in all directions; mingled with the noise of their wings were patriotic airs and the acclamations of many people, who, impatient to see Marshal Foch, had come out on boats of all sizes to receive him at the entrance of the bay. On the whole, under a brilliant sun which made the white façades of its skyscrapers sparkle, New York seemed to be awaiting the hour of manifesting its enthusiasm, and in effect it was in a silence almost complete and restrained that Marshal Foch, landing at the Battery, was received by General Pershing, the Governor, the Mayor, and the civil and the military authorities of the state and the city. But scarcely had he taken a few steps on American soil when the people took possession of him and carried him along in the frenzy of their spontaneous, unanimous and enthusiastic demonstration. How can one forget these one hundred thousand persons, assembled at the Battery to welcome him upon his arrival on American soil and to see him? How can one forget the tremendous gala procession filing through the streets of the great city in the midst of an innumerable and ardent crowd which thronged the pavements and the win-

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dows of the highest buildings, through the fairy-like avalanche of white paper and serpentine which fluttered from everywhere! Echoing the salutes of the guns, to the ringing of bells and the strident call of fire whistles or automobile horns, a tremendous clamor, which came like an avalanche or an earthquake, escaped from human breasts: "Vive Foch! Vive la France!"

Everywhere—in all of America—in the middle-west as in the east, in the west or the south, there was, during all the weeks, the same enthusiasm, the same warmth of feeling. No matter what the weather, whether the sun shone, the rain or snow fell, all would be there by the thousands—men, women, the old, children, to cheer him whom America was awaiting to receive as the greatest and most illustrious of her children.

In all the cities where he stayed, as in the smaller stations where his train stopped, there would be a unanimous reception, a deification without end, all wishing to see him, to touch his garments, to kiss his hands. They scarcely knew how to *fête* him, how to express to him their feelings. Here would be flowers; there, fruits which they would throw from full hands into his carriage. Young and old cheered him and hour after hour waved American and French flags or multi-colored torches. He would pass under arches of triumph in magnificent parades of military or scholastic formation—many in sumptuous uniforms.

After President Harding, who, with his customary simplicity and cordiality, received him in the imposing frame of the White House—after the officials of the government at Washington had congratulated him upon his success and his work, the Governors of the states that he visited and the Mayors of the cities where he stopped, celebrated his glory in enthusiastic terms.

In their huge buildings of sober and harmonious lines, with full heart, the universities received him for whom they had prepared valiant soldiers. Many great men had graduated from these—many more, students, had fallen on

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the battlefields of France for the great ideals which by pen and by word they had professed and defended. It was in the name of these ideals that they warmly welcomed the conqueror of the great war, and that, rendering an eloquent homage to his glory as chief and to his qualities as man, they bestowed upon him the most distinguished titles of honor they are capable of giving.

Mothers who bore upon their hearts the sacrificial gold star forgot sorrow and the mourning in their souls to salute him who had rendered their sacrifice gloriously fruitful.

Great associations, chambers of commerce, the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, the Y. M. C. A., and many more, such as the Society of Engineers, the Bar Association of New York, received him with banquets and reunions where they expressed with warmth the generosity of their feelings.

Veterans of previous wars bowed with respect before the conqueror of the greatest of all wars. Factory workers, bare-headed, saluted him. Indian chiefs offered him their most precious possessions—and at the same time did not a certain King of the Carnival abdicate in his honor the prerogatives of a royalty as attractive as it is ephemeral?

The children wished equally to participate in the demonstrations of which he was the object. How can one forget the touching attitude of these little ones, who by thousands, under the sun, the rain or the snow, awaited on the pavements of the cities or in the stations, the passage of him about whom they had heard so much in the schools? How can one forget their youthful cheers, their cries of joy, the ardor with which they sang the Marseillaise? How can one forget the charming grace of those among them who approached Marshal Foch to present him with flowers, or to address compliments to him? How can one forget the magnificent gift which they made him, presenting to him at the foot of the statue of Lafayette in Washington a sum of five hundred thousand dollars made from their savings and pin money for the purpose of constructing two schools

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in the devastated regions of France? Nothing touched more closely the heart of the Marshal than this new generosity of the little Americans for the unhappy children of his country.

What can one also say of the enthusiastic welcome of the American Legion—the legion which since victory had unceasingly begged its illustrious Generalissimo to come to visit the United States, and who, finally seeing its generous desire realized, knew how to prepare for him a magnificent reception? Alone assuming the direction, the organization, the charge, and all the responsibility of the trip, it constituted, under the presidency of Mr. Alton T. Roberts, a reception committee which performed marvels; it is not possible to imagine a more regal voyage, from the smallest details to the most elaborate receptions.

To a cordiality of comradeship that had already been proved, the members of this committee knew how to combine a tact and a method which rendered particularly easy the accomplishment of a journey of more than twenty-six thousand kilometers in forty-five days. It was a difficult task. By the spirit of its method, its intelligence and its devotion, they accomplished it to perfection, and those who were witnesses of it or who enjoyed it are unanimous in this opinion.

Conceived under such auspices, the reception of Marshal Foch by the American Legion could not have been other than it was—cordial, warm, triumphant.

The Marshal had seen at work on the battlefields of France these valiant American soldiers, commanded by leaders among whom the remarkable spirit of organization had succeeded in creating from all elements, with a prodigious rapidity, a military machine of vast dimensions —firm and perfectly under control. He knew the worth of these soldiers, their splendid military qualities, their heroism written in letters of gold on the starred banners with the immortal names of Château-Thierry, Saint-Mihiel, the Argonne and the Meuse! What joy for him to find them

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again, after that hard and patriotic labor, toiling at home at works of peace, remaining faithful to the noble principles that inspire and rule their association, and, by virtue of the same, remaining devoted servants of their country.

Then, also, what can one say of the demonstrations on their part of which Marshal Foch was the object? Wherever he went, in the cities where he stayed, as at the least stopping of his train, the American Legion with its bands and flags was there to welcome him. It marched before him with a perfect discipline, bearing and order, as witnessed at the imposing parade organized in the streets of Kansas City the first of November on the occasion of the third annual convention.

It was an unforgettable spectacle—that of fifty thousand members of the Legion, who, having come from the furthest points of America, passed that day, in the midst of the frantic ovations of an immense crowd, before the leaders of the Allied delegations, at the head of which was Marshal Foch and his glorious brother-in-arms, General John J. Pershing. It was a spectacle which bore witness at the same time to the vitality of the American Legion and to the ardor of the sentiments with which the memories of war bind together the American people.

In organizing these military demonstrations and in effecting the participation therein of the regular army and the National Guard, the American Legion rendered a brilliant homage to him who had conducted it to victory. In the meetings which it gathered in his honor and to which came thousands of people, it knew how to express to him in the most enthusiastic terms gratitude and admiration. How can one forget the ovations which welcomed him in these majestic gatherings—the speeches of vibrant eloquence which were addressed to him—the gifts of all sorts which were offered to him? It was an intense emotion which swept these enormous gatherings, which made hearts beat, and united in an ardent communion those who once

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had offered their blood for the greatest of causes and for him who had made them win.

So, everyone—the American government, the American Legion, the American people—with a unanimous warmth, gratitude and admiration, surrounded the General, who in those days of agony had had to carry on his shoulders the heaviest responsibility that a man has ever borne—and who held in his hands the destiny of the world. In truth, does not therein lie the profound significance of the enthusiastic welcome which they gave him?

By the demonstration of these feelings, all of America left in the hearts and souls of those who witnessed them, intense, moving, and imperishable memories. Equally mingled with these memories are profound impressions.

Rapid as was the journey of the Marshal, it sufficed, however, to bring out and make appreciable to those who took part in it, the essential qualities which mark the American nation; the energy which is at the base of her history and which has assured her prodigious development—the activity which in every section develops unconsciously and with almost illimitable perspectives—the strength which finds its most marked expression in the numerous worthy associations, religious or national, which grow greater each day—the liberty to which individual efforts are loyal only to the extent of the general good—finally, the tolerance, of which the American constitution is the striking example, being wise enough to respect legitimate independence, and at the same time, being strong enough to maintain particular interests in the common good. Based on the loftiest sentiments and aspirations of conscience, of human soul and heart, such qualities cannot fail to make the glory of a country.

Nothing in America is being neglected in development along the broadest lines. Centers of art, of science and of patriotism, the universities are forming a youth equally enamored with intellectual pursuits and physical activities. By one, it acquires necessary familiarity with culture; by

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the other, it is assured of the balance of the faculties, qualities of strength, energy, and decision, and the taste for enterprise which are the offsprings of activity and progress. Thus prepared and trained, American youth is armed for the struggles of life, and is able to satisfy the need for action which is innate in every American. What a vast world lies before it!

In a country of easy distances, of vast horizons, in a young and enormous territory, where initiative does not meet either with disapproval or obstacle, what resources are offered! The richness of the soil, the fertility of which compares to the most fertile regions of our old European world, and which fosters all growths from those of northern countries, to those of the tropics, the richness of an undersoil where coal, iron, copper, silver, petroleum abound—these are the sources of a prosperity already enormous. However, this prosperity is far from having attained its highest development—magnificent perspectives are still before it, in the agricultural world, which calls with new arms, as well as in the mineral wealth of all kinds that is being discovered every day—and so a future full of promise lies before the American nation—she will come to realize it—her past guarantees this.

Of this past, she is justly proud. Did it not make her glory, not long ago—and do not her ambitions of today and her strength of tomorrow rest on it? The strength of the United States lies in the struggle which she participated in and gained in winning her independence. Her more recent past was lived in the generous and united impulse, which, in spite of difficulties of all sorts, threw her into a crusade to save the liberty of the world. In entering wholeheartedly into this crusade, the American people remained faithful to these traditions, to these sentiments, to this need for an ideal which they carry in the depth of their hearts, and which will not let them be indifferent to that which is noble, generous, disinterested. When causes of charity, humanity, and of moral progress are in peril, they enter the

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lists as their ancestors of 1777 and their sons of 1918 did. Their horizon is not limited by material or egoistic interests; if a cause is just, what does it matter whether or not it is American? Such a thirst for ideals, such a passion for noble ideas, shall bring them inevitably yet closer to that other champion of the Ideal—France. From the first hour, France and the United States have been bound together by ties henceforth indissoluble. France was present at the cradle of American liberty. She threw the weight of her heart and of her armies in the struggle to bring America victory, and from that day America swore an eternal love for France. She has kept her word; when the afflicted time of trial fell on the country of Lafayette and of Rochambeau, listening to naught but her heart and her ancient oath, she cast herself before shaken humanity, and by the voice of her most illustrious soldier, threw to the astonished world these words, which expressed all: "Lafayette, we are here!"

One hundred years after—America has written off the book of her heart a tremendous debt of love—she has paid generously. She paid in every way, by the blood of her soldiers, as well as by the charity of her children, by the admirable devotion of her women, who gave the best of their care, and of their youth to relieve the frightful miseries of the war—by the activity of her industries and the work of her people. The debt paid, love does not diminish. Just as to her ideal, America remains faithful to her memories. Her love for France, born in the Revolutionary War, is a part of her patrimony; she guards it, she develops it, she transmits it from generation to generation, she seizes every occasion to express it.

Following their common and idealistic mission, the two nations remain the defenders of Liberty. It is this truth that America so highly and so happily affirmed to Marshal Foch in the marvelous welcome she made him. The object of such demonstration, the Marshal, who came to pay a debt of gratitude and thanks to America for her aid during the war, in reality contracted toward her a new and immense debt.

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From his visit to the United States, Marshal Foch carried away unforgettable memories—profound impressions. Above all, he felt beating the ardent and generous heart of a Great People.

PARIAH

By Frank Ernest Hill

I know not where the olden beauty goes,
Save that on still November afternoons
She walks in silence deeper than the moon's
Among high, naked trees where no wind blows.
There only is there room for her repose
There, or by hills unwalked, or guestless dunes
Where life's a ghost of laughter, talk, and tunes
Blown through far doors that momently unclose.

Elsewhere the world is engine-driven wings,
Spuming of steel-finned dolphins shouldering seas,
The sough and shrill of trains in thinning trees,
Devouring dredges, hundred-storied light,
The clash of crowds, the flare a furnace flings
Booming against the ledges of the night.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

ONE does not need to be what used to be called an Independent to be convinced of the utter incapacity of the leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties. The average observer comes away from Washington these days with a feeling of hopelessness over the brainlessness and sheer stupidity of the Republican chieftains, who do not seem to have the slightest conception of what the country is thinking of or what it needs, but who are busy telling each other that no matter how much the country criticizes and resents the acts of Congress, the next house cannot be Democratic.

The fact is, however, that the next house certainly will be Democratic unless some extraordinary activity on the part of the Democratic leaders should suddenly call the attention of the country to the fact that it is about to jump from the frying-pan into the fire.

Up to a few weeks ago it hardly seemed possible that even the stupidest Democratic leader would not have seen that inasmuch as the country was anxious to punish the Republicans for their cowardice, unfulfilled pledges, selfishness and laziness, the wise and politic thing was to let the voters wreak their vengeance without let or hindrance. Up to a few weeks ago, it was impossible to conceive that such shrewd politicians and men so keenly ambitious as B. M. Baruch, Bainbridge Colby, and William G. McAdoo would have allowed the party in which they are supposed to have great influence to bray again about the principles that were settled by millions of votes in 1920, but Governor Cox's speech at the national Democratic dinner, marked as it was by the activities of the irrepressible Tumulty, showed that the country will not be allowed, in all probability, to punish the Republicans as they should be punished, but will be obliged again to vote on an issue that has been dead now pretty nearly two years.

Governor Cox's statement of the "madness of 1920" would

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be amusing if it were not so insolent, and if it were not typical of the line of thought of a superficial but aggressive class of men of somewhat limited intellect who are filled with an admiration for the American people and Democratic institutions when the majorities are on their side, and are filled with despair over the failure of the same institutions when they are voted out of office and favor. As a candidate, Mr. Cox seemed an exceptionally dull and aggressively mediocre man, but his speech about the "madness of 1920" and his puerile attempt to assume leadership of his party, would indicate that only an author of the Dunciad could do him justice in a Coxiad that would call for the super-powers of a modern Pope.

If there were more evidence of an active understanding of what the country needs, and less twaddle about her duties to Europe, and less desire to rush into the chaos of European political affairs, many Republicans would view with calm the possibility of a Democratic Congress, even though such an event would bring about a chaotic condition, in all probability, in the business world.

What is evident from Governor Cox's speech is that if a Democratic house should be elected it would devote itself not to an attempted solution of our economic problems, or the settling of our domestic difficulties, but would center on the affairs of Europe, which while unquestionably germane in the matter of world re-establishment are not the things that are close to the heart of the American people at the present time.

No party ever had a greater opportunity for constructive criticism than the Democratic party has at the present time, but not a voice cries out in the wilderness and only a Cox brays from the marshes.

* * *

If one wanted further evidence of Democratic chaos, one would find it in the attempt of Senator James Reed to corral the Wilson following in Missouri by a letter of approval written to him by Mr. Wilson in 1913. Senator Reed is a

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strong man, if not always a conservative or a temperate one, and one would have expected that he would have had the courage to make his campaign on his record of the last three or four years rather than to win out at the primaries through the assistance of a very polite note written long before he made his bitter warfare on the pet scheme of his party leader. If he was as right in his fight on the League of Nations as he thought he was, it was evidence of a weak character to bring out a commendation that Mr. Wilson was so quickly able to repudiate. There will be very few who will not say that the repudiation was not deserved, for a man who has among his weapons of attack as virulent a tongue as Senator Reed has, must not expect that he is going to be dealt with gently by those whom he has fought and those who have shown in the past that they want none of him or his works.

* * *

"The Bootlegger's Bride"—a drama of manners in three acts—will be produced next year at a prominent Broadway theatre, and if not next year, the year after or some year soon. It is customary to refer to the conditions one sees about one every day as a farce—the fact is that it is a tragedy. All the talk about lawlessness and the criminal classes means nothing when officers of the law are themselves engaged in breaking the law, not only frequently, but daily.

New York City is rum-mad, if we may judge by what the papers print, which is probably but a chronicle of one-thousandth part of the actual happenings. Only the other day a prominent "reformer" of New York State, Ex-Senator Elon R. Brown, was caught bringing twenty-six cases of Scotch whiskey into the University Club of the city. The morality of this lies between Senator Brown and his capacious stomach, but what is one to say of a University Club where the standards of morality and culture were once upheld? The Eighteenth Amendment was designed to do away with the saloon. What a pity if, in the removal of one evil, the vulgarities of the saloon are to pass to the once respected college club!

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*AS IT SEEMS TO TWELVE AND EIGHTY-SEVEN**

"MITCH MILLER" is a rather interesting book by Edgar Lee Masters, but it is not the type the average boy of today likes. The boy of today likes a much more exciting book than "Mitch Miller." But books that are exciting very often are not good books. The better writer will write a quieter book. Because it is quieter does not mean that it will have no exciting parts though. This is also true of girls and their books.

In many ways "Mitch Miller" is the Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn type of book. But that is to be expected, as "Mitchie" and "Skeet" try to copy Tom Sawyer in every way possible. "Mitch Miller" is as a whole very amusing, and something is continually going wrong. However, this only makes it the more interesting and amusing.

In the first few pages Bob Pendleton or "Shadder," as the boys call him, is a little too stiff even for a "sissy." Mitchie is a true boy, but very imaginative. Skeet is like a boy who has never been with other boys much, but is not that kind of boy either because a boy that had not been much with other boys would be very imaginative, and Skeet certainly is not that, for he had hard work to keep up with Mitchie in imagination.

It would be well for any boy to remember the talk Mr. Miller is supposed to give to Mitchie and Skeet, even though it is in dialect.

The death of Mitch Miller is very sad and pathetic, but he could not have gone very far wrong with the big boys before getting into trouble.

Mr. Masters writes in a very interesting way. Even though his writing may not have enough life, as a child would say, he holds one's attention.

If more boys would read books of this sort and learn to like them, better men for America's future would be produced.

—VIRGINIA PAYNE. *Aetat, 12.*

WHEN I was a kid I believed in Santa Claus. I saw him with my own eyes in his red suit and his white beard. He gave me a present on Christmas Day. I shall never forget. When I grew to the age of youth they told me that Santa Claus never had existed; that it was only Uncle George dressed up in a hired suit of clothes who made us kids think he came down the chimney.

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*"Mitch Miller," by Edgar Lee Masters. The MacMillan Co.

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When I got into the eighth decade of life I came to the conclusion that "they" were wrong, and that Santa Claus was real. It has come to my mind, too, that he is not only real, but that he beats the great ones of this earth in that they all die in time, while he goes on living. It looks to me as if Mr. Masters, who wrote "The Spoon River Anthology" and this book of boyhood, "Mitch Miller," was of the same opinion.

Think of Alexander and Caesar and Luther and Napoleon all dead and gone; yet Robinson Crusoe and D'Artagnan and Tom Sawyer and Hamlet go on living just as vividly as ever. It is not only the young who dream and have faith and imagination. Fortunately some of the old ones, even some of the middle-aged, get something out of life besides business and play, food and sleep, success and failure. When that something disappears from our land then we shall have no more nation, no more happiness, no more hope.

What a thing it would be at this moment for the Russians, and even some of the other peoples of Europe, if they could have the faith and the confidence of "Mitch" and "Skeet"! How quickly the rate of exchange would become normal; how soon trade would start up; how suddenly the starving would be fed and the poor in heart and in pocket-book take a new lease on life and go at it again!

I should be very miserable at my age if I did not know that Santa Claus comes down the chimney, even if that chimney is in a flat and has no flue whatever. As it is, I sit and smile; and shall continue to do so to the end.

—Lucas Lexow. *Aetat, 87.*

*A DON JUAN OF THE PITS**

A NOVEL without a heroine, a story without a plot, the tale of a young, blond miner of England's Black Country—such is Francis Brett Young's most recent book. Abner Fellows, the hero, is first introduced as a youngster knocking about in Halesby, an English coal and steel town. Very quickly the story passes to his adolescence and the troubles arising from it. His stepmother, a girl of his own age, gradually transfers her affections from his father to Abner. His sense of true honor, which comes to him from the soil, rather than from his ancestors or his environment, makes this distasteful to him and he takes the high road to Wales. There, as a laborer, the attraction which he has for women leads him into one miserable experience after another, until—but we shall not spoil the reading for those who would enjoy a good book.

In spite of its *local,* an American public misses nothing in going to this story. There is a bit of accent in it, but a glossary will not be required.

* "The Black Diamond," by Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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There is something about Mr. Young's style that reminds one very much of that of Hardy. But it is, nevertheless, somewhat more Gallic. He does not write for the squeamish, and those who would shrink from a full recital of the workings of the passions of a miner and laborer had better not read it. He writes to teach no moral, nor to preach a doctrine, but treats the reader to a plain, good story, well told.

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

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*THE DELUSION OF THE STRIKE**

TWO interesting and instructive works—"The High Cost of Strikes" and "War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment"—the former by Marshall Olds, and the latter by Alexander M. Bing, are worthy of conscientious reading and careful consideration by the American people. This comment applies specifically to business men, corporation executives, labor leaders, and members of every labor organization in the United States.

Two thoughts flashed through my mind as I read Mr. Olds' work: Is the statement true of a western publicist to the effect that seventy-five per cent of our people are unthinking? The second thought was, what would the families of labor union men think if they could read this work which recites that eight hundred and five million, eight hundred thousand dollars was lost in wages through strikes in 1919? That in the same year two billion five hundred million dollars was lost to production by those strikes? The volume speaks of the high cost of union labor administration, and relates that the American Federation of Labor and its subsidiaries "have collected hundreds of millions of dollars from the workers. Yet as far as is known, it has never re-invested one cent of these hundreds of millions of dollars of the workers' own money in any of the physical equipment that is absolutely necessary to realize its own theories as to the workers' self improvement." There is an interesting chapter on the factional fights between rival union leaders and labor unions.

There is a paragraph about Brindell which is illustrative of recent developments through official investigations:

"Brindell, the drug clerk, became almost overnight, Brindell, the millionaire labor czar, to whom thousands of workers paid two dollars to ten dollars a week for the mere privilege of working, at whose command ten thousand men would quit work and give up their pay on any merest sham of a reason—primarily because of his particular cleverness in handling human nature—in bluffing and cajoling and fooling his followers."

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*"The High Cost of Strikes," by Marshall Olds. G. P. Putnam's Sons. "War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment," by Alexander M. Bing. E. P. Dutton Co.

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Isn't this evidence that the western publicist is pretty nearly right when he proclaims that seventy-five per cent of our people are not thinking people, and does this not specifically apply in this case? This also reminds me of the will of the late John Mitchell, dated August thirtieth, 1919, and filed in the Surrogate's Court at White Plains, showing that this labor leader whose average salary during his lifetime was not over two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and yet his estate in bonds, notes, and stocks, aggregated two hundred and thirty thousand, one hundred and sixty-six dollars. This instance is recalled by Mr. Olds:

"The case of the notorious 'Umbrella Mike,' boss of an electrical workers' union, who testified that he had saved three hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of a salary of fifty dollars a week in six years, is well known. This phenomenal ability to save money did not, however, keep the jury from sending him to jail." When will the families of our labor union members resent this frightful exploitation at their expense?

The author wants to know what the American people are going to do to protect themselves from the many fearful strikes. He points out that under the leadership of Governor Allen, the State of Kansas has established a system of industrial courts having complete jurisdiction over industrial disputes that involve public interest. The decision of such courts is final, and strikes in such cases are punishable as crimes. Why not establish a Federal court with similar aims and purposes at Washington? Mr. Olds believes that labor must obey the law, and adds:

"Just as railroads, traction companies and trusts, instead of using the primary special privileges and exemptions which the public had granted them for its own good, along normal lines to serve the public interest, merely used these primary special privileges and exemptions as a basis and excuse for obtaining or assuming more and more special privileges and exemptions, and developing further and further outside all the restrictions of ordinary law till their whole system became both lawless and opposed to the public good; so has organized labor used its primary special privileges and exemptions in exactly the same way, and to exactly the same end."

Mr. Olds has been a laborer—on a farm, as assistant in a railroad repair shop, as a dock walloper, as working boss of a gang, and as an assistant machinist. In the phrase of the day, he knows the ropes. What of the women and children in a labor union family? How many of these good women have complained in years gone by, of the horror with which they received word from the head of the household that he must go on strike at the command of his labor boss? Women want to keep up the home. They cannot keep up the home on a hazardous and irregular pay envelope; they want to pay their bills every Saturday night, they want to keep their children in decent clothes, in a decent home. Oh! how many of these good women have wistfully told how they feared that almighty

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word, used by union labor leaders and their followers—the word "scab!"—this to keep the members in line. If union labor followers want to continue to fill the pockets of their leaders, making them millionaires while they struggle on—why, that is their own affair.

The second work, "War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment," by Mr. Bing, tells of the mediation commissions and the industrial conflicts, and their relation to the government during World War days. It is a valuable contribution to the great labor problem. Felix Adler, in the introductory note, speaks highly of the work.

—EDWARD G. RIGGS.

*THE SCIENCE OF CITY-MAKING**

THE author of "The Ideal City" is a former mayor of a western city who is now teaching city government at the University of Kansas. He has both an academic interest in his subject and practical experience respecting it. The book is a simple and descriptive statement of the scope and functions of the typical American city with illustrations of good practice and interesting achievement taken from any American city. It is compact and without the flight of imagination that the word "ideal" in the title suggests. It should be useful as a reference for city officials and as a textbook in teaching civics.

Mr. Fassett has a wholesome conception of a city. He believes that what any city can do, all can do. His method of encouraging progress is to cite precedent rather than to preach precept. Occasionally the ex-mayor emerges to put some potential enemy of the people on its guard, but there is no parade made of the author's own achievements, which, judging from the fine spirit and discernment of his discussion, must have been of the sort which his book will inspire in others.

"The Modern City And Its Government" is a more ambitious essay in comparative municipal government. Its author, William P. Capes, occupies one of the important strategic positions in the field of municipal betterment. For a number of years he has been the executive of the Mayors' Conference of the State of New York and director of the New York State Bureau of Municipal Information. He is, consequently, in close touch with the operation of many important cities and a co-worker with officials of cities of diverse types. What Mr. Capes has to say on city government merits attention. In the present book, the author is chiefly concerned with the problem of general organization. He discusses the federal, commission, and manager forms of city organization in ample detail, and formulates a suggestive outline of charter essentials. Fifteen charts showing the organization of cities large and small furnish excellent illustrations of this part of the text.

The book is not altogether technical, for there is something of the passion

*"Assets Of The Ideal City," by Charles M. Fassett. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. "The Modern City And Its Government," by William P. Capes. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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of the reformer in Mr. Capes. He outlines the elements of the well-governed city in a manner to interest the lay reader. Not being dogmatic, Mr. Capes prefers, to the mere statement of his own conclusions, to quote the dicta of other authors where opinion and criticism are used to supplement or clarify his descriptive text. He leads an impressive array of authorities to conquer the possible doubts of his readers. Mr. Capes is authority enough and one cannot but wish that he had spoken more freely the convictions and judgments regarding this vital matter of city government which his experience has enabled him to formulate.

For Mr. Capes, the ideal city is no mere composite of expedients tried out by other cities. He will build the ideal city in your town or mine through the co-operation of interested citizens and capable officials working with competent tools towards a definite objective. Citizens must be alert, officials trained, and the city rightly organized to make good government possible. "The Modern City" is devoted to explaining how these requisites may be attained. It is a studious book for those who take government seriously.

HENRY BRUÈRE.

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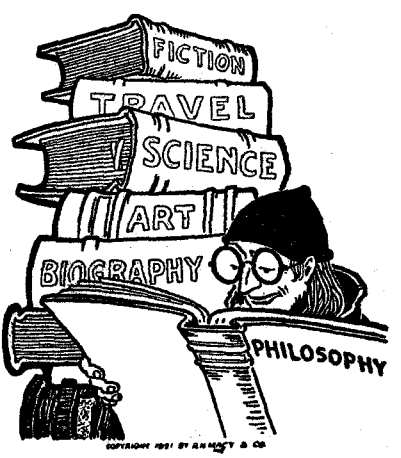

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